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"There is no Religion higher than Truth."
Family motto of the Maharajas of Benares.

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IS HEREDITY A PUZZLE?*

A well known writer in *Harper's Magazine* said lately "Heredity is a Puzzle." He then proceeded, "The race is linked together in a curious tangle, so that it is almost impossible to fix the responsibility. * * We try to study this problem in our asylums and prisons, and we get a great many interesting facts, but they are too conflicting to guide legislation. The difficulty is to relieve a person of responsibility for the sins of his ancestors, without relieving him of responsibility for his own sins."

This is the general view. Heredity is a puzzle, and will always remain one so long as the laws of Karma and Reincarnation are not admitted and taken into account in all these investigations. Nearly all of these writers admit—excepting those who say they do not know—the theological view that each human being is a new creation, a new soul projected into life on this earth.

This is quite logical, inasmuch as they assert that we are only mortal and are not spirits. The religious investigators admit we are spirits, but go no further, except to assume the same special creation. Hence, when they come to the question of "Heredity," it is a very serious matter. It becomes a puzzle, especially to those who investigate heredity and who are trying to decide on whom responsibility ought to rest, while they know nothing of Karma or Reincarnation. And it is hinted at that there is necessity for legislation on the subject. That is to say, if we have a case of a murderer to consider, and we find that he has come of a race or family of murderers, the result of which is to make him a being who cannot prevent himself from committing murder, we have to conclude that, if this is due to "heredity," he cannot in any sane sense be responsible.

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for November, 1888.

Take the case of the tribes, or family, or sect of Thugs in India, whose aim in life was to put people out of the world. Their children would of necessity inherit this tendency. It is something like a cat and a bird. It is the nature of the cat to eat the bird, and you cannot blame it. Thus we should be driven to pass a law making an exception in the case of such unfortunate persons. Then we should be met by the possibility of false testimony being adduced upon the trial of the criminal, going to show that he came under the law. This possibility is so great that it is not likely such a law will ever be passed. So that, even if the legal and scientific world were able to come to any conclusion establishing the great force of heredity, it would be barren of results unless the truth of Karma and Reincarnation were admitted. For in the absence of these, no law, and hence no remedy for the supposed injustice to be done to irresponsible criminals, could be applied. I am stating, not what I think ought to be done, but what will be the inevitable end of investigation into heredity without the aid of the other two great laws.

If these two doctrines should be accepted by the supposed legislators, it would follow that no such law as I have adverted to would ever be put on the books; for the reason that, once Karma and Reincarnation are admitted, the responsibility of each individual is made greater than before. Not only is he responsible even under his hereditary tendency, but in a wider sense he is also responsible for the great injury he does the State through the future effect of his life,—that effect acting on those who are born as his descendants.

There is no very great puzzle in "Heredity" as a law, from the standpoint of Karma and Reincarnation, although of course the details of the working of it will be complicated and numerous.

I know that some theosophists have declared that it puzzles them, but that is because it is a new idea, very different from those instilled into us during our education as youths and our association with our fellows as adults.

None of the observed and admitted facts in respect to heredity should be ignored, nor need they be left out of sight by a Theosophist. We are bound to admit that leanings and peculiarities are transmitted from father to son, and to all along down the line of descent. In one case we may find a mental trait, in another a physical peculiarity; and in a great-grandson we shall see often the bodily habits of his remote ancestor reproduced.

The question is then asked, "How am I to be held responsible for such strange inclinations when I never knew this man from whom I inherit them?" As theories go at this day, it would be impossible to answer this question. For if I have come from the bosom of God as a new soul; or if what is called soul or intelligence is the product of this body I inhabit and which I had no hand in producing; or if I have come from far distant spheres unconnected with this earth, to take up this body with whose generation I was not concerned; it would be the grossest injustice for me to be held responsible for what it may do. It seems to me that from the

premises laid down there can be no escape from this conclusion, and unless our sociologists and political economists and legislators admit the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, they will have to pass laws to which I have referred. We shall then have a code which may be called, "Of limitations of responsibility of criminals in cases of murder and other crimes."

But the whole difficulty arises from the *inherited transmitted* habit in the Western mind of looking at effects and mistaking them for causes, and of considering the instruments or means, through and by means of which laws of nature work, as causes. Heredity has been looked at, or is beginning to be, as the cause of crime and of virtue. It is not a cause, but only the means or instrument for the production of the effect, the cause being hidden deeper. It seems just as erroneous to call heredity a cause of either good or bad acts as it is to call the merely mortal brain or body the cause of mind or soul.

Ages ago the Hindu sages admitted that the body did not produce the mind, but that there was what they called "the mind of the mind," or, as we might put it, "the intelligence operating above and behind the mere brain matter." And they enforced their argument by numerous illustrations; as, for instance, that the eye could not see even when in itself a perfect instrument, unless the mind behind it was acting. We can easily prove this from cases of sleep walkers. They walk with their eyes wide open, so that the retina must, as usual, receive the impinging images, yet although you stand before their eyes they do not see you. It is because the intelligence is disjoined from the otherwise perfect optical instrument. Hence we admit that the body is not the cause of mind; the eyes are not the cause of sight; but that the body and the eye are instruments by means of which the cause operates.

Karma and Reincarnation include the premise that *the man* is a spiritual entity who is using the body for some purpose.

From remote times the sages state that he (this spiritual being) is using the body which he has acquired by Karma. Hence the responsibility cannot be placed upon the body, nor primarily upon those who brought forth the body, but upon the *man himself*. This works perfect justice, for, while the man in any one body is suffering his just deserts, the other men (or souls) who produced such bodies are also compelled to make compensation in other bodies.

As the compensation is not made at any human and imperfect tribunal, but to nature itself, which includes every part of it, it consists in the restoration of the harmony or equilibrium which has been disturbed.

The necessity for recognizing the law from the standpoint of ethics arises from the fact that, until we are aware that such is the law, we will never begin to perform such acts and think such thoughts as will tend to bring about the required alterations in the astral light needed to start a new order of thoughts and influences. These new influences will not, of course, come to have full effect

and sway on those who initiate them, but will operate on their descendants, and will also prepare a new future age in which those very persons who set up the new current shall participate. Hence it is not in any sense a barren, unrewarded thing, for we ourselves come back again in some other age to reap the fruit of the seed we had sown. The impulse must be set up, and we must be willing to wait for the result. The potter's wheel continues to revolve when the potter has withdrawn his foot, and so the present revolving wheel will turn for a while until the impulse is spent.

TO ASCERTAIN THE TRUTH*

If it is true that to ascertain the truth of the doctrines put forward by Theosophy many lives will be required after one has started on the Path, how and where am I to find that Path and to know it when I do?

W. Q. Judge.—Do not look at this matter as if you had never been on the path before. It is more than likely in every case where an inquirer asks this question, either mentally or of some other person that he has trod the path in another life. Some hold that all Theosophists were on this path hitherto. Each life is a step on the path, and even though we may make many and huge mistakes, we can still be on the way. One should not be anxious to know if he is on the path by reason of a constant conformity to some set rules or regulations about a path. That anxiety is mechanical. Nature and the path of true wisdom are not mechanical, but for each soul there is a way and means suitable to it and to none other. By watching these mechanical ways mistakes are made. For instance, one becomes a vegetarian from a secret desire to get nearer the astral world thereby, and not because it is deemed a sin to take life. The rule will not be violated. Great inconvenience is undergone and much watching indulged in so as to keep the rule, and much attention and energy given to it which is taken from some other duty. All this is a mistake, for the kingdom of heaven is not gained by eating meat or by refraining from it. This mistake is due to too much desire to be sure one is on the path.

But it is not necessary one should know that he is on the path. If he uses his best reason, best intuition, and best effort to find out his duty and do it, then one may be sure the path is there without stopping to look for it. And the path for one person may be the carting of packages, while for another it may lie in deep study or contemplation. On this the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* says that the duty of another is full of danger, and it is better to die in the performance of one's own duty than to perform most wonderfully the duty of another.

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*This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* for May, 1895. The title used is our own. [ED. THEOSOPHY.]

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DIAGNOSES AND PALLIATIVES*

"That the world is in such bad condition morally, is conclusive evidence that none of its religions and philosophies, those of the civilized races less than any other, have ever possessed the truth. The right and logical explanation of the subject, of the problems of the great dual principles—right and wrong, good and evil, liberty and despotism, pain and pleasure, egotism and altruism—are as impossible to them now as they were 1881 *years ago: they are as far from the solution as they ever were. . . ."*

(From an *Unpublished Letter,* well known to Theosophists.)

ONE need not belong to the Theosophical Society to be forcibly struck with the correctness of the above remarks. The accepted creeds of the civilized nations have lost their restraining influence on almost every class of society; nor have they ever had any other restraint save that of physical fear: the dread of theocratic thumb-screws, and hell-tortures. The noble love of virtue, for virtue's own sake, of which some ancient Pagan nations were such prominent exemplars has never blossomed in the Christian heart at large, nor have any of the numerous post-christian philosophies answered the needs of humanity, except in isolated instances. Hence, the moral condition of the civilized portions of mankind has never been *worse* than it is now—not even, we believe, during the period of Roman decadence. Indeed, if our greatest masters in human nature and the best writers of Europe, such acute psychologists—true vivisectors of moral man—as Count Tolstoi in Russia, Zola in France, and as Thackeray and Dickens in England before them, have not exaggerated facts—and against such an optimistic view we have the records of the criminal and divorce courts in addition to Mrs. Grundy's private sessions "with closed doors"—then the inner rottenness of our Western morality surpasses anything the old Pagans have ever been accused of. Search carefully, search far and wide throughout the ancient classics, and even in the writings of the Church Fathers breathing such hatred to Pagans—and every vice and crime fathered upon the latter will find its modern imitator in the archives of the European tribunals. Yea, "gentle reader," we Europeans have servilely imitated every iniquity of the Pagan world, while stubbornly refusing to accept and follow any one of its grand virtues.

Withal, we moderns have undeniably surpassed the ancients in one thing—namely, in the art of whitewashing our moral sepulchres; of strewing with fresh and blooming roses the outside walls of our dwellings, to hide the better the contents thereof, the dead men's bones and all uncleanness, and making them, "indeed, appear beautiful without." What matters it that the "cup and platter"

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for July, 1890.

of our heart remain unclean if they "outwardly appear righteous unto men"? To achieve this object, we have become past-masters in the art of blowing trumpets before us, that we "may have glory of men." The fact, in truth, that we deceive thereby neither neighbor nor kinsman, is a matter of small concern to our present generations of hypocrites, who live and breathe on mere appearances, caring only for outward propriety and prestige. These will moralize to their neighbors, but have not themselves even the moral courage of that cynical but frank preacher who kept saying to his congregation: "Do as I bid you, but do not do *as I do.*"

Cant, cant, and always cant; in politics and religion, in Society, commerce, and even literature. A tree is known by its fruits; an Age has to be judged by its most prominent authors. The intrinsic moral value of every particular period of history has generally to be inferred from what its best and most observant writers had to say of the habits, customs, and ethics of their contemporaries and the classes of Society they have observed or been living in. And what now do these writers say of our Age, and how are they themselves treated?

Zola's works are finally exiled in their English translations; and though we have not much to say against the ostracism to which his *Nana* and *La Terre* have been subjected, his last—*La Bête Humaine*—might have been read in English with some profit. With "Jack the Ripper" in the near past, and the hypnotic rage in the present, this fine psychological study of the modern male neurotic and "hysteric," might have done good work by way of suggestion. It appears, however, that prudish England is determined to ignore the truth and will never allow a diagnosis of the true state of its diseased morals to be made—not by a foreign writer at all events. First, then, have departed Zola's works, forcibly exiled. At this many applauded, as such fictions, though vividly pointing out some of the most hidden ulcers in social life, were told really too cynically and too indecently to do much good. But now comes the turn of Count Lev Tolstoi. His last work, if not yet exiled from the bookstalls, is being rabidly denounced by the English and American press. In the words of "Kate Field's Washington" why? Does "The Kreutzer Sonata" defy Christianity? No. Does it advocate lax morals? No. Does it make the reader in love with that "intelligent beast" Pozdnisheff? On the contrary . . . . Why then is the *Kreutzer Sonata* so abused? The answer comes: "because Tolstoi has told the truth," not as averred "very brutally," but very frankly, and "about a very brutal condition of things" certainly; and we, of the 19th century, have always preferred to keep our social skeletons securely locked in our closets and hidden far away from sight. We dare not deny the terribly realistic truths vomited upon the immorality of the day and modern society by Pozdnisheff; but—we may call the creator of Pozdnisheff names. Did he not indeed dare to present a

mirror to modern Society in which it sees its own ugly face? Withal, he offers no possible cure for our social sores. Hence, with eyes lifted heavenward and foaming mouths, his critics maintain that, all its characteristic realism notwithstanding, the *"Kreutzer Sonata* is a prurient book, like to effect more harm than good, *portraying vividly the great immorality of life,* and offering no possible remedy for it" (*Vanity Fair*). Worse still. "It is simply *repulsive.* It is daring beyond measure and without excuse; . . . the work of a mind . . . not only morbid, but . . . far gone in disease through unwholesome reflection" (*New York Herald*).

Thus the author of "Anna Karenina" and of the "Death of Ivan Ilyitch," the greatest psychologist of this century, stands accused of *ignoring* "human nature" by one critic, of being "the most conspicuous case out of Bedlam," and by another (*Scot's Observer*) called "the *ex*-great artist." "He tilts," we are told, "against the strongest human instincts" because forsooth, the author—an orthodox Russian born—tells us that far better no marriage at all than such a desecration of what his church regards as one of the holy Sacraments. But in the opinion of the Protestant *Vanity Fair,* Tolstoi is "an extremist", because "with all its evils, the present marriage system, *taken even as the vile thing for which he gives it us* (italics are ours) is a surely less evil than the monasticism—with its effects—which he preaches". This shows the ideas of the reviewer on *morality!*

Tolstoi, however, "preaches" nothing of the sort; nor does his Pozdnisheff say so, though the critics misunderstand him from A to Z, as they do also the wise statement that "not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth" or a vile man's heart and imagination. It is not "monasticism" but *the law of continence* as taught by Jesus (and Occultism) in its esoteric meaning—which most Christians are unable to perceive—that he preaches. Nothing can be more moral or more conducive to human happiness and perfectibility than the application of this law. It is one ordained by Nature herself. Animals follow it instinctively, as do also the savage tribes. Once pregnant, to the last day of the nursing of her babe, *i. e.,* for eighteen or twenty months, the savage squaw *is sacred to her husband;* the civilised and semi-civilised man alone breaking this beneficent law. Therefore, speaking of the *immorality* of marriage relations as at present practised, and of unions performed on commercial bases, or, what is worse, on mere sensual love, Pozdnisheff elaborates the idea by uttering the greatest and the holiest truths, namely, that:

"For morality to exist between men and women in their daily life, *they must make perfect chastity their law.** In progressing towards this end, man subdues himself. When he has arrived at the last degree of subjection we shall have moral marriages. But if a man as in our Society advances only towards physical love, even though he surrounds it with deception and with the shallow formality of marriage, *he obtains nothing but licensed vice."*

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*All the italics througnout the article are ours.

A good proof that it is not "monasticism" and *utter celibacy* which are preached, but only *continence,* is found on page 84 where the fellow-traveller of Pozdnisheff is made to remark that the result of the theory of the latter would be "that a man would have to keep away from his wife except once every year or two". Then again there is this sentence:—

"I did not at that time understand that the words of the Gospel as to looking upon a woman with the eyes of desire did not refer only to the wives of others, but especially and above all to one's own wife."

"Monastics" have no wives, nor do they get married if they would remain chaste on the physical plane. Tolstoi, however, seems to have answered in anticipation of British criticism and objections on these lines, by making the hero of his "grimy and revolting book *(Scot's Observer)* say:—

"Think what a perversity of ideas there must be, when the happiest, the freest condition of the human being, that of (*mental*) chastity, is looked upon as something miserable and ridiculous. The highest ideal, the most perfect condition to be attained by woman, that of a pure being, a vestal, a virgin, provokes, in our society, fear and laughter."

Tolstoi might have added—and when moral continence and chastity, mistaken for "monasticism", are pronounced far more evil than "the marriage system *taken even* as the vile thing for which he (Tolstoi) gives it us". Has the virtuous critic of *Vanity Fair* or the *Scot's Observer* never met with a woman who, although the mother of a numerous family, had withal remained all her life mentally and morally a pure virgin, or with a *vestal* (in vulgar talk, a *spinster)* who although physically undefiled, yet surpassed in *mental,* unnatural depravity the lowest of the fallen women? If he has not—we have.

We maintain that to call "Kreutzer Sonata" *pointless,* and "a vain book", is to miss most egregiously the noblest as well as the most important points in it. It is nothing less than wilful blindness, or what is still worse—that moral cowardice which will sanction every growing immorality rather than allow its mention, let alone its discussion, in public. It is on such fruitful soil that our moral leprosy thrives and prospers instead of being checked by timely palliatives. It is blindness to one of her greatest social evils of this kind that led France to issue her unrighteous law, prohibiting the so-called "search of paternity". And is it not again the ferocious selfishness of the male, in which species legislators are of course included, which is responsible for the many iniquitous laws with which the country of old disgraced itself? *e. g.*, the right of every brute of a husband to sell his wife in a market-place with a rope around her neck; the right of every beggar-husband over his rich wife's fortune, rights now happily abrogated. But does not law protect man to this day, granting him means for legal impunity in almost all his dealings with woman?

Has it never occurred to any grave judge or critic either—any more than to Pozdnisheff—"that *immorality does not consist in*

physical acts alone but on the contrary, in liberating one's self from all moral obligations, which such acts impose"? (Kreutzer Sonata, p. 32.) And as a direct result of such legal *"liberation* from any moral obligations", we have the present marriage system in every civilized nation, viz., men "steeped in corruption" seeking "at the same time for a virgin whose purity might be worthy" of them (p. 39); men, out of a thousand of whom "hardly one could be found who has not been married before at least a dozen times" (p. 41)!

Aye, gentlemen of the press, and humble slaves to public opinion, too many terrible, vital truths, to be sure, are uttered by Pozdnisheff to make the "Kreutzer Sonata" ever palatable to you. The male portion of mankind—book reviewers as others—does not like to have a too faithful mirror presented to it. It does not like to see itself *as it is,* but only as it would like to make itself *appear.* Had the book been directed against your slave and creature—woman, Tolstoi's popularity would have, no doubt, increased proportionately. But for almost the first time in literature, a work shows *male kind* collectively in all the artificial ugliness of the final fruits of civilisation, which make every vicious man believe himself, like Pozdnisheff, "a thoroughly moral man". And it points out as plainly that female dissimulation, worldliness and vice, are but the handiwork of generations of men, whose brutal sensuality and selfishness have led woman to seek reprisals. Hear the fine and truthful description of most Society men:—

"Women know well enough that the most noble, the most poetic love is inspired, not by moral qualities, but by physical intimacy. . . . Ask an experienced coquette . . . . which she would prefer, to be convicted in the presence of the man she wishes to subjugate, of falsehood, perversity, and cruelty, or to appear before him in a dress ill-made. . . . She would choose the first alternative. She knows very well that we only lie when we speak of our lofty sentiments; that what we are seeking is the woman herself, and that for that we are ready to forgive all her ignominies, while we would not forgive her a costume badly cut. . . . Hence those abominable jerseys, those artificial protrusions behind, those naked arms, shoulders and bosoms."

Create no demand and there will be no supply. But such demand being established by men, it . . . .

"Explains this extraordinary phenomenon: that on the one hand woman is reduced to the lowest degree of humiliation, while on the other she reigns above everything. . . . 'Ah, you wish us to be merely objects of pleasure? Very well, by that very means we will bend you beneath our yoke,' say the women" who "like absolute queens, keep as prisoners of war and at hard labor nine-tenths of the human race; and all because they have been humiliated, because they have been deprived of the rights enjoyed by man. They avenge themselves on our voluptuousness, they catch us in their nets" . . . Why? Because "the great majority look upon the journey to the church as a necessary condition for the possession of a certain woman. So you may say what you will, we live in such an abyss of falsehood, that unless some event comes down upon our head . . . we cannot wake up to the truth" . . .

The most terrible accusation, however, is an implied parallel between two classes of women. Pozdnisheff denies that the ladies in good society live with any other aims than those of fallen women, and reasons in this wise:

"If human beings differ from one another by their internal life, that ought to show itself externally; and externally, also, they will be different. Now compare women of the most unhappy, the most despised class, with women of the highest society; you see the same dresses, the same manners, the same perfumes, the same passion for jewelry, for brilliant and costly objects; the same amusements, the same dances, music, and songs. The former attract by all possible means; the latter do the same. There is no difference, none whatever."

And would you know why? It is an old truism, a fact pointed out by Ouida, as by twenty other novelists. Because the husbands of the "ladies in good Society"—we speak only of the fashionable majority, of course—would most likely gradually desert their legitimate wives were these to offer them too strong a contrast with the *demi-mondaines* whom they all adore. For certain men who for long years have constantly enjoyed the intoxicating atmosphere of certain places of amusement, the late suppers in *cabinets particuliers* in the company of enamelled females artificial from top to foot, the correct demeanor of *a lady,* presiding over their dinner table, with her cheeks paintless, her hair, complexion and eyes as nature made them—becomes very soon *a bore.* A legitimate wife who imitates in dress, and mimicks the *desinvolture* of her husband's mistresses has perhaps been driven at the beginning to effect such a change out of sheer despair, as the only means of preserving some of her husband's affection, once she is unable to have it undivided. Here, again, the abnormal fact of enamelled, straw-haired, painted and almost undressed wives and girls in good Society, are the handiwork of men—of fathers, husbands, brothers. Had the *animal* demands of the latter never created that class which Baudelaire calls so poetically *les fleurs du mal,* and who end by destroying every household and family whose male members have once fallen a victim to their hypnotism—no wife and mother, still less a daughter or a sister, would have ever thought of emulating the modern *hetaira.* But now they have. The act of despair of the first wife abandoned for a *demi-mondaine* has borne its fruit. Other wives have followed suit, then the transformation has gradually become a fashion, a necessity. How true then these remarks:

"The absence of women's rights does not consist in being deprived of the right of voting, or of administering law; but in the fact that with regard to matters of affection she is not the equal of man, that *she has not the right to choose instead of being chosen.* That would be quite abnormal, you think. Then let men also be without their rights. . . . At bottom her slavery lies in the fact of her being regarded as a source of enjoyment. You excite her, you give her all kinds of rights equal to those of man:* but she is still looked upon as an instrument of pleasure, and she is brought up in that character from her childhood. . . . She is always the slave, humiliated

*This, only in "semi" civilised Russia, if you please. In England she has not even the privilege of voting yet.

and corrupted, and man remains still her pleasure-seeking master. Yes, to abolish slavery, it is first of all necessary that public opinion should admit that it is shameful to profit by the labor of one's neighbor; and to emancipate woman it is necessary that public opinion should admit that it is shameful to regard her as an instrument of pleasure."

Such is *man,* who is shewn in all the hideous nakedness of his selfish nature, almost beneath the "animals" which "would seem to know that their descendants continue the species, and they accordingly follow a certain law". But "*man* alone does not, and will not, know. . . . . The lord of creation—man; who, in the name of his love, kills one half of the human race! Of woman, who ought to be his helpmate in the movement of Humanity towards freedom, he makes, for the sake of his pleasures, not a helpmate but an enemy." . . . .

And now it is made abundantly clear, why the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata* has suddenly become in the eyes of all *men*—"the most conspicuous case out of Bedlam". Count Tolstoi who alone has dared to speak the truth in proclaiming the whole relation of the sexes to each other *as at present,* "a gross and vile abomination", and who thus interferes with "man's pleasures"—must, of course, expect to be proclaimed a madman. He preaches "Christian virtue", and what men want now is *vice,* such as the old Romans themselves have never dreamed of. "Stone him to death" —gentlemen of the press. What you would like, no doubt, to see practically elaborated and preached from every house-top, is such articles as Mr. Grant Allen's "The Girl of the Future". Fortunately, for that author's admirers, the editor of the *Universal Review* has laid for once aside "that exquisite tact and that rare refinement of feeling which distinguish him from all his fellows" (if we have to believe the editor of the *Scot's Observer).* Otherwise he would have never published such an uncalled-for insult to every woman, whether wife or mother. Having done with Tolstoi's diagnosis we may now turn to Grant Allen's *palliative.*

But even Mr. Quilter hastens while publishing this *scientific* effusion, to avoid identifying himself with the opinions expressed in it. So much more the pity, that it has seen the light of publicity at all. Such as it is, however, it is an essay on the "problem of Paternity and Maternity" rather than that of sex; a highly philanthropic paper which substitutes "the vastly more important and essential point of view of the soundness and efficiency of the children to be begotten" to that "of the personal convenience of two adults involved" in the question of marriage. To call this problem of the age the "Sex Problem" is one error; the "Marriage Problem", another, though "most people call it so with illogical glibness". Therefore to avoid the latter Mr. Grant Allen . . . . "would call it rather the Child Problem, or if we want to be very Greek, out of respect to Girton, the Problem of Pædopoietics".

After this fling at Girton, he has one at Lord Campbell's Act,

prohibiting certain too *décolleté* questions from being discussed in public: after which the author has a third one, at women in general. In fact his opinion of the weaker sex is far worse than that of Pozdnisheff in the *Kreutzer Sonata,* as he denies them even the average intellect of man. For what he wants is "the opinions of men who have thought much upon these subjects and the *opinions of women (if any) who have thought a little*". The author's chief concern being "the moulding of the future British nationality", and his chief quarrel with the higher education of women, "the broken-down product of the Oxford local examination system", he has a fourth and a fifth fling, as vicious as the rest, at "Mr. Podsnap and Mrs. Grundy" for their *pruderie,* and at the "university" ladies. What, then, he queries:

. . . "Rather than run the risk of suffusing for one moment the sensitive cheek of the young person, we must allow the process of peopling the world hap-hazard with hereditary idiots, hereditary drunkards, hereditary consumptives, hereditary madmen, hereditary weaklings, hereditary paupers to go on unchecked, in its existing casual and uncriticized fashion, for ever and ever. Let cancer beget cancer, and crime beget crime: but never for one moment suggest to the pure mind of our blushing English maiden that she has any duty at all to perform in life in her capacity as a woman, save that of gratifying a romantic and sentimental attachment to the first black moustache or the first Vandyke beard she may happen to fall in with." . . .

Such weakness for *one* "black moustache" will never do. The author has a "nobler," a "higher" calling for the "blushing English maiden", to wit, to keep herself in readiness to become a happy and proud mother *for the good of the State,* by *several* "black" and fair moustaches, in sequence, as we shall see, if only handsome and healthy. Thence his quarrel with the "higher education" which debilitates woman. For—

. . . . . "the question is, will our existing system provide us with mothers capable of producing sound and healthy children, in mind and body, or will it not? If it doesn't, then inevitably and infallibly it will go to the wall. Not all the Mona Cairds and Olive Schreiners that ever lisped Greek can fight against the force of natural selection. Survival of the fittest is stronger than Miss Buss, and Miss Pipe, and Miss Helen Gladstone, and the staff of the Girls' Public Day School Company, Limited, all put together. The race that lets its women fail in their maternal functions will sink to the nethermost abyss of limbo, though all its girls rejoice in logarithms, smoke Russian cigarettes, and act Æschylean tragedies in most æsthetic and archaic chitons. The race that keeps up the efficiency of its nursing mothers will win in the long run, though none of its girls can read a line of Lucian or boast anything better than equally-developed and well-balanced minds and bodies."

Having done with his *entrée en maitière,* he shows us forthwith whither he is driving, though he pretends to be able to say very little in that article; only "to approach by a lateral avenue one of the minor outworks of the fortress to be stormed". What this "fortress" is, we will now see and by the "lateral" small "avenue" judge of the magnitude of the whole. Mr. G. Allen, having diagnosed that which for him is the greatest evil of the day, now answers his own question. This is what he proposes for producing sound children out of sound—because *unmarried*—mothers, whom

he urges to select for every new babe a fresh and well-chosen father. It is, you see—

. . . "what Mr. Galton aptly terms 'eugenics'—that is to say a systematic endeavor towards the betterment of the race by the deliberate selection of the best possible sires, and their union for reproductive purposes with the best possible mothers." The other "leaves the breeding of the human race entirely to chance, and it results too often in the perpetuation of disease, insanity, hysteria, folly, and every other conceivable form of weakness or vice in mind and body. Indeed, to see how foolish is our practice in the reproduction of the human race, we have only to contrast it with the method we pursue in the reproduction of those other animals, whose purity of blood, strength, and excellence has become of importance to us."

"We have a fine sire of its kind, be it stallion, bull, or bloodhound, and we wish to perpetuate his best and most useful qualities in appropriate offspring. What do we do with him? Do we tie him up for life with a single dam, and rest content with such foals, or calves, or puppies as chance may send us? Not a bit of it. We are not so silly. We try him freely all round a whole large field of choice, and endeavor by crossing his own good qualities with the good qualities of various accredited mares or heifers to produce strains of diverse and well-mixed value, some of which will prove in the end more important than others. In this way we get the advantage of different mixtures of blood, and don't throw away all the fine characteristics of our sire upon a single set of characteristics in a single dam, which may or may not prove in the end the best and fullest complement of his particular nature."

Is the learned theorist talking here of men and women, or discussing the brute creation, or are the human and animal kinds so inseparably linked in his scientific imagination as to disable him from drawing a line of demarcation between the two? It would seem so, from the cool and easy way in which he mixes up the animal sires and dams with men and women, places them on the same level, and suggests "different mixtures of blood". We abandon him willingly his "sires", as, in anticipation of this scientific offer, men have already made animals of themselves ever since the dawn of civilization. They have even succeeded, while tying up their "dam" to a single "sire" under the threat of law and social ostracism, to secure for themselves full privileges from that law and Mrs. Grundy and have as great a choice of "dams" for each single "sire", as their means would permit them. But we protest against the same offer to women to become *nolens volens* "accredited mares and heifers". Nor are we prepared to say that even our modern loose morals would publicly approve of or grant Mr. Allen the "freedom" he longs for, "for such variety of experimentation", without which, he says it is quite "impossible to turn out the best results in the end *for humanity*". *Animal* humanity would be more correct, though he explains that it is "not merely a question of prize sheep and fat oxen, but a question of begetting the highest, finest, purest, strongest, sanest, healthiest, handsomest, and *morally noblest citizens*". We wonder the author does not add to these laudatory epithets, two more, viz., "the most respectful sons", and men "proudest of their virtuous mothers". The latter are not qualified by Mr. Grant Allen, because, perchance, he was anticipated on this point by the "Lord God" of Hosea (i. 2) who

specializes the class from which the prophet is commanded to take a wife unto himself.

In a magazine whose editor has just been upholding the sacredness of marriage before the face of the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata,* by preceding the "Confession" of Count Tolstoi with an eulogy on Miss Tennant, "the Bride of the Season"—the insertion of "The Girl of the Future" is a direct slap in the face of that marriage. Moreover, Mr. G. Allen's idea is not new. It is as old as Plato, and as modern as Auguste Comte and the "Oneida Community" in the United States of America. And, as neither the Greek philosopher nor the French Positivist have approached the author in his unblushing and cynical *naturalism*—neither in the Vth Book of the *Republic,* nor "the Woman of the Future" in the *Catechism of the Religion of Positivism*—we come to the following conclusion. As the name of Comte's "Woman of the Future" is the prototype of Mr. G. Allen's "Girl of the Future", so the daily rites of the "mystic coupling" performed in the *Oneida,* must have been copied by our author and published, with only an additional peppering of still crasser materialism and naturalism. Plato suggests no more than a method for improving the human race by *the careful elimination of unhealthy and deformed children,* and by coupling the better specimens of both sexes; he contents himself with the "fine characteristics" of a "single sire" and "a single dam", and would have turned away in horror at the idea of "the advantage of different mixtures of blood". On the other hand the high-priest of Positivism, suggesting that the woman of the future "should cease to be the *female* of the man", and "submitting to artificial fecundation", thus become "the *Virgin Mother without a husband*", preaches only a kind of insane mysticism. Not so with Mr. Grant Allen. His noble ideal for woman is to make of her a regular *brood-mare.* He prompts her to follow out

. . . . . "the *divine impulse of the moment, which is the voice of Nature within us, prompting us there and then (but not for a lifetime) to union with a predestined and appropriate complement of our being,*" and adds: "If *there is anything sacred and divine in man* surely it is the internal impetus which tells him at once, among a thousand of his kind, that this particular woman, and no other, is now and here the one best fitted to become with him the parent of a suitable offspring. If sexual selection among us (*men* only, if you please), is more discriminative, more specialized, more capricious, and more dainty than in any other species, is not that the very mark of our higher development, and does it not suggest to us that Nature herself, on these special occasions, is choosing for us anatomically the help most meet for us in our reproductive functions?"

But why "divine"? And if so, why only *in man* when the stallion, the hog and the dog all share this "divine impulse" with him? In the author's view "such an occasional variation modifying and *heightening the general moral standard*" is ennobling; in our theosophical opinion, such casual union on momentary impulse is

essentially bestial. It is no longer love but *lust,* leaving out of account every higher feeling and quality. By the way, how would Mr. Grant Allen like such a "divine impulse" in his mother, wife, sister or daughter? Finally, his arguments about "sexual selection" being "more capricious and dainty in man than in any other species of animal", are pitiable. Instead of proving this "selection" "sacred and divine" he simply shows that *civilized man has descended lower than any brute* after all these long generations of unbridled immorality. The next thing we may be told is, that epicureanism and gluttony are "divine impulses", and we shall be invited to see in Messalina the highest exemplar of a virtuous Roman matron.

This new "Catechism of Sexual Ethics"—shall we call it?—ends with the following eloquent appeal to the "Girls of the Future" to become the brood mares of cultured society stallions:—

"This ideal of motherhood, I believe, under such conditions would soon crystallize into a religious duty. The free and educated woman, herself most often sound, sane, and handsome, would feel it incumbent upon her, if she brought forth children for the State at all, to bring them forth in her own image, and by union with a sympathetic and appropriate father. *Instead of yielding up her freedom irrevocably to any one man, she would jealously guard it as in trust for the community,* and would use her maternity *as a precious gift to be sparingly employed for public purposes,* though always in accordance with instinctive promptings, to the best advantage of the future offspring. . . . If conscious of possessing valuable and desirable maternal qualities, she would employ them to the best advantage for the State and for her own offspring, *by freely commingling them in various directions with the noblest paternal qualities of the men who most attracted her higher nature.* And surely a woman who had reached *such an elevated ideal of the duties of sex as that* would feel she was acting far more right in becoming the mother of a child by this splendid athlete, by that profound thinker, by that nobly-moulded Adonis, by that high-souled poet, than in tying herself down for life to this rich old dotard, to that feeble young lord, to this gouty invalid, to that wretched drunkard, to become the mother of a long family of scrofulous idiots."

And now gentlemen of the Press, severe critics of Tolstoi's "immoral" *Sonata,* stern moralists who shudder at Zola's "filthy realism", what say you to this production of one of your own national prophets, who has evidently found honor in his own country? Such naturalistic articles as "The Girls of the Future", published in the hugest and reddest *Review* on the globe, are, methinks, more dangerous for the public morals than all the Tolstoi-Zola *fictions* put together. In it we see the outcome of materialistic science, which looking on man only as a more highly developed animal, treats therefore its female portion on its own animalistic principles. Steeped over the ears in dense matter and in the full conviction that mankind, along with its first cousins the monkeys, is directly descended of an ape father, and a baboon mother of a now extinct species, Mr. Grant Allen must, of course, fail to see the fallacy of his own reasoning. *E. g.,* if it is an "honor for any woman to have been loved by Shelley. . . . and to have brought into the world a son by a Newton", and another "by a

Goethe", why should not the young ladies who resort to Regent Street at the small hours of night and who are soaked through and through with such "honors", why should not they, we ask, receive public recognition and a vote of thanks from the Nation? City squares ought to be adorned with their statues, and Phryne set up hereafter as an illustrious example to Hypatia.

No more cutting insult could be offered to the decent women and respectable girls of England. We wonder how the ladies interested in the Social problems of the day will like Mr. Grant Allen's article! H. P. B.

THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY*

[*Concluded from the February Number.*]

"THE music of the spheres" is not a mere figure of speech, but an actuality.

The Soul of the World has its central Sun whose life throbs pulsate throughout immensity. If we study the phenomena and conditions of either crystallization or organization we shall find that every atom in the vast universe is set to music. There is the pæan of life, and the dirge of death, the major and the minor key. The rythm is the same whether in the ebb or flow of life, but the serried columns march in opposite directions. The Unity lies back of all phenomena in the infinite ocean, the universal solvent, as the crystal lies latent, potential, unmanifested, in the solution of salt. So all things exist potentially in the ether. The real form of everything is perfect, essential, divine. Only the effigy appears with ebb and flow; with swell and cadence like martial music. Only in the Garden of the Gods can the perfect flower and fruit appear. There is but one approximation to perfect form to be apprehended by mortals—the Sphere—and even this is ideal or geometrical, not actual. The dimensions of space pertain to objects: objects exist in time, and the essence of time is motion.[1] Imagine the intelligence of man posited in an ocean of Ether, a thinking principle, without form or extension, and the fallacy of space as generally conceived becomes manifest, and disappears. Matter, space, time, and motion, these pertain to outwardly manifested existence. Read backward the genesis of crystal, plant, animal or man, and one plan, one basis is discovered in all.

"*Out from the shore of the great unknown*" come trooping these effigies of diviner being, these shapes of diviner forms. In the beginning was the Word, the Fiat has gone forth. Listen O! man to the music of Bath Col the voice of thine own soul.

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for December, 1886.

[1] "We take no notice of time save by its loss" *i. e.* its passage or motion.

Adonai speaks. If thou art *conscious*, His voice is *conscience*. It is the memory of the voice of God in fields elysian, thy former divine abode. Thou mayest involve in thy life on earth thine Augoeides, "being of light," a "gleaming brightness." This is thy holy mission, the meaning of thy human shape, thy manly powers, thy subtle intellect, thy holy intuitions. These are but the seed of larger life, the bird of promise. The unfolded flower shall be thy highest aspiration, thy holiest wish, and its ripened fruit shall bear thee to the garden of the gods, with knowledge and power as thy servants. Ask but thine own soul, counsel with thy better self, and if thou findest not within the silence the answering voice, then return to thy wallowing in the mire, and the husks which the swine do eat, rather than to thy *father's house* which thou hast made, and will henceforth continue to make a den of thieves, at best, a whited sepulchre.

Now let us read the Tablet of Hermes, bearing in mind the fact that man is an epitome of the universe, thus actually or potentially containing all that is, and if he knows how to read and to unfold his own nature, powers and possibilities, he may read thereby the universe, unfold its laws, comprehend its plan, and if he be master of himself, thus revealed to his understanding, his powers shall be co-extensive with knowledge. He shall possess the MASTER'S WORD.

This tablet is printed in full in September PATH at p. 167.*

The reader is referred to *Isis Unveiled* for explanation of the Azoth to which, on the physical plane, the tablet refers,[1] and I might say in passing, that those who complain that the Brothers closely guard occult secrets, will do well, even at this late day, to *read Isis Unveiled*. There are several matters contained in those two volumes which the careless reader, and complaining "theosophist" has possibly overlooked. In fact there is less concealment in all occult matters than the ignorant and time-serving suppose. There can be no better safe-guards to Royal Secrets, than ignorance and defective vision, for which defects there is no surgery or remedy outside ourselves.

"God saith, Let the man endued with a *mind*, mark, consider, and *know himself well*. * * * And before they give up their bodies to the death of them, they hate their senses, knowing their works and operations.

"Rather I, that am the mind itself, will not suffer the operations or works, which belong to the body, to be finished and brought to perfection in them, but being the *Porter* and *Doorkeeper* I will shut up the entrances of evil, and cut off the thoughtful desires of filthy works.

"But to the foolish, the evil, and wicked, and envious, and covetous, and profane, I am far off, giving place to the revenging demon * * * *

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*Will be reprinted in April "THEOSOPHY."—[ED. THEOS.[

[1] *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i, p. 507, *et seq.*

"For the sleep of the body is the sober watchfulness of the mind, and the shutting of my eyes, the true sight, and my *silence* great with child; and full of good, and the pronouncing of my words the blossoms and fruits of good things."[2]

"Wherefore we must be bold to say that *an earthly man is a mortal god, and that the heavenly God is an immortal Man.*"[3]

Compare with this the following from the writings of Plato:

"He who has not even a knowledge of common things, is a brute among men; he who has an accurate knowledge of human concerns alone, is a man among brutes; but he who knows all that can be known by intelligent inquiry is a god among men."

In these brief and imperfect outlines enough has been given to show the thoughtful student, the agreement of the Hermetic doctrines with the teachings of Theosophy, indeed, any real progress in the comprehension of the one, may be taken as a key to the other. These, together with the teachings of the Kabala, are but different forms of the *Secret Doctrine;* none of them are to be fully apprehended by the intellect alone; but only when the mind is *illuminated* by the light of understanding, and the process by which this illumination is to be achieved, through diligent inquiry, unselfish work, and repression of the senses, appetites and passion, has been often pointed out, and is found repeated and reiterated in all these writings. If any, therefore, are disposed to complain that they are left to grope in darkness, they have no one to blame but themselves. To the conscientious student, the constant wonder is at the richness of the feast spread out on every hand.

Like a beautiful landscape to the blind, or music to the deaf, are the pages of wisdom to the ignorant and selfish. Eyes have they but they see not, ears have they but they hear not, and so long as they are joined to their idols they may as well be let alone. But to the earnest disciple, to the true seeker of *The Path* these are the everlasting verities: let them run and not be weary, walk and not faint, seek, and they shall *surely find,* desire, and they shall attain, knock, and the door of knowledge shall open, obey, and they shall in turn command, labor, and they shall obtain rest.

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After this life.
'Tis living and serving
The highest and best,
'Tis *onward unswerving,*
And this is true rest."

B.

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[2] Pymander, p. 33, et seq. edition of 1650.
[3] IV Book, p. 60.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE*

V.

THE TWO PATHWAYS.

IN man's attempt to pierce the dark mists of ignorance that surround him, in his search after the perfect life, two ideas alternately dominate his horizon—two pathways seem alternately to invite his footsteps. These may roughly be designated as the Scientific and the Religious.

When full consideration is given to the stupendousness of the undertaking, to the almost inconceivable heights at which we aim; when it is realized that we aspire to reach the ranks of the Dhyan Chohans, the rulers of our Planetary System; to become, in fact, part of that diffused Divine consciousness in which is upheld the life of the World, does it not seem reasonable to conclude that all knowledge and all power must have been realized and beneficently practised by such an one in his upward course—that the conquering of the desires of the outer senses must have been accompanied by the development of the inner senses, through whose agency the whole elemental kingdom must have been cognised and conquered, and the hearts and minds of men read as in an open book?

But when the disciple realizes that all earthly power, honor, dominion, has long been put aside by him as valueless—that the one word which has dominated his being is love, and that the failure to realize any perfect union on earth has created and intensified the desire to plunge and to be lost in the Nirvanic ocean of Divinity, will not the attainment of powers and the development of inner senses appear to him as mere circumlocution and surplusage? Why not make for his goal at once? The bondage of material life being but the impulse to act, liberation consists in destroying this impulse, not by suppression, but by the knowledge that the ego is independent of it. This knowledge is attained through faith, but the faith that leads up to it is liable to die if not fed by obedience to the will of God—"If thou wouldst enter the life, keep the commandments"—the commandments set in the various Scriptures of Humanity—then in long-suffering patience work out the term of imprisonment in flesh.

> "Ruling the flesh
> "By mind, governing mind with ordered Will;
> "Subduing Will by knowledge, making this
> "Serve the firm Spirit, and the Spirit cling
> "As Soul to the eternal changeless Soul,"

till the "dark" and "passionate" qualities of Nature have melted away, and the serenity of "Satwa" alone remains. And the soul, which has centred itself more and more on the Supreme Soul, will find its earthly ties gradually dissolve, until the last one disappears, and it naturally gravitates to its eternal home.

This is a lovely picture, and there are many to whom such a pathway—the pathway of Religion—must have inconceivable attrac-

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for June, 1887.

tions; but let us pause and consider well whether it is one which we in this Kali Yug are yet fitted to follow to the exclusion of all others.

If we were such complete masters of the physical nature as to be absolutely fearless under any conceivable circumstances, and if our hearts were filled with such an all-embracing love for Humanity that at no moment would we hesitate to lay down our lives for it, we might, perhaps, consider ourselves worthy of passing through the final gateway of contemplative devotion. Doubtless there are few men, worthy of the name, who have not risen, in moments of exaltation, to the thought that even the physical well-being—let alone the eternal salvation!—of suffering Humanity would be cheaply purchased by his death. It needs not to turn for an example to the Cross of Calvary, though that is regarded by Christians who fail to realize the inner meaning of their own faith as something uniquely transcendental in its self-sacrifice. Heroism is not so far to seek, and History can point to many a martyr who has braved as painful and ignominious a death without the stupendous motive for the sacrifice, such as might well goad any high-souled man to make it. But it is another thing to live constantly in the devoted frame of mind referred to, from merely rising to it in moments of exaltation.

Doubtless, also, there are men who by the judicious use of right emotion, can, at times, so nerve themselves that fear shall seem an unknown word; but who is able to live in constant disregard of consequences, even on the physical plane with which we are tolerably well acquainted? So long as the horrors of the unknown psychic plane transcend anything we can conceive of on the physical, or while the realms of darkness contain one thought of terror for our imaginations, how can we consider ourselves worthy of the final crown of being? For is it not Perfection that we aim at? And where a trace of fear is present, or where love in its plenitude is absent, how can we expect to be within measurable distance of our goal? Four lines from one of Matthew Arnold's poems, many of which seem to breathe a subtle, though possibly unintentional aroma of occult thought, may here partially help to express the idea intended:

> "And he who flagged not in the earthly strife
> "From strength to strength advancing—only he,
> "His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
> "Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life."

Though it must be remembered that fear is an attribute of the physical only, there is an interblending of the elements of our nature, and it stands to reason that the unknown sights and sounds of the plane just beyond that of which the physical is cognisant are capable of striking a far deeper terror, as well as of fascinating with a more subtle power.

And is it not logical to suppose that, as the disciple has gradually realized the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things—has learned to put aside its temptations, and to rise occasionally to a standpoint where its fears cannot assail him, so he must start on his journey

of discovery in the unknown psychic world—armed always with the firm will and the lofty aspirations towards the Spirit—till he has learned also that its attractions cannot detain him, and that he has the power within him to dominate its terrors?

Until, therefore, we can stand as master in our house of life, and until the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" has possessed our Being, we must not imagine that we can discard the Scientific pathway before we have really begun to tread it. Indeed, the desire to tread the Religious path alone may, in some cases, have a partially selfish origin not altogether unallied to the slothful quality of "Tamas."

When it is realized, too, that work for Humanity "all up the line" is the prevailing rule, that the Divine and Semi-divine beings whom we know under the name of Mahatmas and Adepts are unremitting in their arduous work for the race, it will become apparent that the breaking down of the walls of our personality, and the merging of our individual being in the universal Divine Being, is a very far-off goal, which not all of them even have yet reached.

The attitude of mind of all students of Occultism towards the great mass of Humanity, must, as stated in Zanoni, be one either of pity or of scorn—as a fact, it seems to fluctuate between these two. The feeling of scorn, indeed, easily rises in the breast when contemplating the petty aims and prejudiced views of even the noblest and worthiest specimens of the race we have known; and when to a naturally proud disposition is added the conviction that the objects of desire striven for by the mass of men are below contempt, the feeling of scorn often seems to carry all before it; and when it is felt that through pain and suffering heights of thought have been scaled, and that contemporaries, and even those who were once looked up to as teachers, have been left below, it often seems as if the only refuge from the lonesome isolation were to be found in a scornful pride. But surely, pity is the truer feeling, and it must be with relief that the disciple turns to the softer memories of past years, when the mere glance of a passer in the street carried home a tale of untold endurance and uncomplaining suffering, or when a modulation of voice opened the flood-gates of emotion, and the deep pathos of the fate of this suffering Humanity seemed to bind all together in community of being. It is in such moments as these, when it is realized that the supremest bliss would be obtained by the utter abandonment of "self" for the Great Cause, that the two pathways really merge in one, and it is felt that the "great renunciation" must be the final outcome alike of the love of God and of the service of Man.

It would seem, then, that our efforts to identify ourselves with the great whole must not be confined to yearnings after the ineffable Perfection, but must also take the form of work, on whatever plane it may be, for a more or less recognisedly concrete Humanity. It is very difficult to know what special form this work should take. While fully accepting the ideas expressed in Number II. of this series, as to the futility of attempting to exert paramount influence on the thoughts of others, Ignorance must yet be recognised as the

prime curse of mankind; the attempts at diffusion of the true philosophic thought must, therefore, ever stand in the first place; and doubtless, along with the increased effort to enlighten Humanity, there will arise in the heart of the worker a greater love for and identification with Humanity which must lead to a more or less partial breaking down of the partition walls of his individuality.

If we turn from the evolution of the individual to the evolution of the race as a whole, the analogous thoughts which occur are, that while the veil of obscurity must ever hide the future, and while it must remain impossible for us to know whether our special efforts in this or in that direction are destined to be successful, it may broadly be stated that—at least in this Western civilization of ours—individualism seems to have reached its zenith, and that the problems for the race to work out in the future will probably lie in the altruistic effort to supplant individualism by schemes which will more or less recognise the underlying Brotherhood of Humanity. The societies of to-day that call themselves Socialistic put forward plans that may be utterly inchoate and unworkable—and some of their members certainly appear to hold opinions as to the rights of revolution and violence which are alike hateful and fearsome to all true lovers of order—but those who think their work lies in this direction will doubtless feel impelled to try and discover the truth that underlies all these manifestations, with the view of guiding, if possible, the forces towards a peaceful issue.

The development of the inner senses is also one of the many pathways that must be pursued for the attainment of the real knowledge and power whereby we may potently help this suffering humanity, and give our aid to the few strong hands who hold back the powers of darkness "from obtaining complete victory." When by the unfoldment of the inner perceptions, we have reached the platform whence earthly life is seen as from a height, the physical nature will have become a mighty tool in our hands to be used in the service of man. What vistas of work for the race will then unfold to our view! Of those who can grasp this idea by strong imaginative power, some will, no doubt, feel urged to force the development, though such forcing must doubtless be attended with danger. That it can be forced is a fact known to many students of occultism, and he who is in earnest will doubtless find a more or less competent instructor. To step consciously into situations where previous experience will be unavailing and where dangers are known to exist certainly requires courage, but how is greater strength to be gained or courage to be acquired save by undertaking the task and facing the danger? Nothing should be done rashly, and every step should be taken with due caution, but the path will have to be trod some day, and if only a little courage and a little strength are already possessed, this would seem to be a means of increasing our store of them. A sudden stoppage of the heart by an access of sheer terror, or a death in life dragged on to the grave through the delirium of madness, are awful possibilities to contemplate, but even were the investigator by some rash attempt to make utter wreck of himself

in conflict with one of the elemental forces of nature, it should always be remembered that it would only be of his present earth-life that the wreck would be made, and that when his time came to appear again on the earthly scene, he would doubtless come back endowed with greater powers than if he had not made the attempt at all.

The separation throughout this paper of the two pathways, the Scientific and the Religious, has been made, it must be remembered, for purposes of contrast. Such division is purely arbitrary. Man's nature is indeed complex, but it is a unity in complexity; similarly, the path, though multiform, is one. But it is more especially in carrying out such investigations or developments as those just dwelt on that the supreme necessity of the qualities known as the devotional or religious is apparent. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that the searcher who starts with a mere scientific interest, and in his own strength only, runs the greatest possible danger, while he is certain of success whose animating motive is the all-embracing love of Humanity, or the still intenser worship of the Supreme Perfection. If the old self regains its dominance, the disciple may well tremble, for in such moments the "Dweller of the Threshold" has a secret ally in the man's inner stronghold; but while the love and the faith continue to be his guiding impulses failure is impossible, for when "Self" is cast aside, what is there to fear for? and when God dwells in the heart, then is strength made perfect.

PILGRIM.

ABOUT INTUITION*

According to Theosophical teaching, intuition is the sixth sense of man. Can it be cultivated, and, if so, how? If it is a sense like hearing, seeing, and smelling, why cannot it be trained as they are?

W. Q. Judge.—I do not know that it is "according to theosophical teaching that intuition is the sixth sense." It would be well to have citation of chapter or article where this statement is made. The question of the sixth sense is speculative as yet, nothing being decided. Like the fourth dimension, it is involved in doubt. Hence it should not be assumed that the assertion in the question is correct. Many persons hold that intuition is not the sixth sense, because it may very well be that a species of very rapid reasoning enters into intuitional acts, making them so rapid in conclusion as to appear devoid of reasoning as a means to find the conclusion arrived at. For myself I do not believe that intuition is the sixth sense nor any sense at all. But whatever intuition is, it can only be cultivated by having the right mental poise, the right philosophy and the right ethics; and by giving the intuition scope, or chance, so that by many mistakes we at last arrive at a knowledge of how to use it.

*This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* for May, 1895. The title used is our own. [ED. THEOSOPHY.]

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM*

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. . . ."
"Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye,
But considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"
MATTHEW VII.

OH the virtuous indignation, the roaring tempest raised in the tender souls of American and British philanthropists at the rumor that Russian authorities in Siberia are not as tender as they should be towards their political prisoners! What a hullabaloo of loud protests of "indignation meetings", of gigantic gatherings to denounce their neighbors, while they keep prudently silent about the same misdeeds at home.

A monster meeting of some 250,000 men protested the other day at Hyde Park "in the name of civilization and humanity" against the brutal behavior of some unknown Russian officials and jailors. Now, one can readily understand and entirely appreciate the feelings of the masses, of the oppressed, the suffering poor and the *hoi polloi* in general. These being "sat upon" from birth to death by the high and the wealthy of their own land, and having all, to a man, many a sore place in their hearts, must feel them vibrating with pain and sympathy with their brothers in sorrow of other countries. True, the energy expended at the said meeting might have been more usefully directed, perhaps, against local and colonial "Siberias" and "Dead Houses"; but such as it was, the impulse being genuine, every Theosophist regarded it with respect. But that to which every member of the Theosophical Society ought to refuse that feeling of sympathy is the hypocritical cant in this matter of sundry editors who remain dumb in face of misdeeds at home, pouring all their wrath on the abuse of power and the brutality of Russian officers. This is enough to make an owl laugh in full daylight. That charges of cruelty should be brought forward, and leprous spots singled out on the body of Russia by England and America is a sufficiently curious piece of moral audacity; but that this attitude should be supported, and even enforced, by certain editors, instead of being passed over in prudent silence, makes one think of the wise adage "whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." To the student of human nature a world of instruction is contained therein, and he feels thankful for this additional experience.

Bearing in mind that *Lucifer* has nought to do with the political situation in all this affair, let the reader remember, that it has, on the other hand everything to do with its moral aspect. Having its mission at heart, to wit: to bring "to light the hidden things of darkness," it has naturally a good deal to say about drunken John and Jonathan nodding so frowningly at drunken Peter, and so gravely moralising at him as though they were themselves sinless.

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for August, 1890.

Here the writer speaks first of all as a Theosophist, and only secondly as a Russian; neither excusing Russia, nor accusing England and America, but simply throwing the full glare of the torch of truth on *facts* which no one can deny. And once this position established, the writer says: "How consoling and hopeful might have been for our growing society—that of the 'Universal Brotherhood of Man'—such exhibition of the noblest and most human feelings, had it not been marred by a few antecedent facts", of which presently. Even as the "protest" against Russian cruelty stands now, all such show of pious regard for Christ's command "love your enemies", is spoiled by a disregard of that other injunction "thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are". Indeed, Europe might be asking now as of George Dandin in the comedy of Molière, *"Qui de nous deux trompe-t-on ici?"* Could even a child be really deceived by such *protests* on the Continent? If all this display of indignation is likely to impress anyone eventually, it will be only those "inferior races" under the paternal sway and benevolent rule of their respective white rulers. Hindus and Mussulmen, Burmese and Singalese, upon listening to the reverberating echoes of pious horror from the West, are as likely as not to contrast the ferociousness of Russian jailors and prison-houses with that of their own rulers, with the Calcutta "Black Hole" of famous memory, and the Andaman Islands; while the hapless and ever-kicked Negroes of the United States, the Red Indians dying of exposure and starvation in their frozen wilderness, and even some Chinamen who seek hospitality on the Pacific coast, may yet come to envy the lot of the "political prisoners of Siberia" . . . .

But what imposing pictures! On the other side of the "pond" the pathetic eloquence of Mr. George Kennan the Siberian traveller, "who has just seen all this for himself, you see!"—drawing tears from the street-flags and forcing lamp-posts to use their pocket-handkerchiefs—without speaking of the colored citizens, Red Indians and Chinamen. On this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Quilter, the editor of the *Universal Review,* showing like fervor on behalf of the "oppressed". Mr. Adolphe Smith's "Exile by administrative order", adorned by what Mr. Stead calls "a fancy sketch of the flogging of *Madame* Sihida" (?)* gracing one of the last numbers of the *Universal Review* produces likewise its effect. Moved by a spirit of lofty chivalry, its editor issued, as all know, a circular to M. P's, peers, judges, heads of Colleges and so on, to ask them "whether (*a*) the present system of Siberian exile by administrative order" was not "a disgrace to a civilized nation"; and (*b*), whether the above mentioned authorities do not "consider that steps should be taken to call the attention of her Majesty's Govern-

*Were this "flogging" even proven—which it is not—still brutal and sickening as the fact would undeniably be, is it really any worse than the kicking by the police of women already knocked down by them; than the clubbing until mangled to death of men and crippled boys? And if one is reminded that the alleged "flogging" took place (if it ever did) in the wilds of Siberia, probably hundreds of miles away from any civilized centre, to speak of, and the well-proven "kicking and clubbing" right in the midst of the most civilized city in the world, namely, in Trafalgar Square, it does seem as if it were a case of merely "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."

ment to those outrages, in order that a diplomatic remonstrance should be addressed to the Czar"!

As this pertains to the domain of politics, and we do not care to trespass upon forbidden ground, those anxious to learn something of the replies are recommended to read the excellent summary of this curious incident on page 489 of the June *Review of Reviews*; but we must quote a few lines from it, in which the reader will learn (1) that some of the authorities appealed to are of opinion that "exile in Siberia is . . . a just and beneficent punishment . . . much better for criminals than our own (British) convict system"; (2) that the outrage on Madame Sihida "does not rest upon unimpeachable evidence", the sketch recalling to the writer's memory "an equally dramatic picture of a Polish prince chained in a convict gang to a murderer, a story which this prince's brother subsequently declared was false".

But that which cannot be disproved by any means is that other and far more legitimate agitation going on in England for long years, and now at its acme in this country, that for the enfranchisement of women, and *the causes which made it arise.* Most Theosophists have read Mrs. F. Fenwick Miller's admirable address on the programme of the Women's Franchise League*; and many of our Theosophists belong to this League. And there are such as have declared that many women in England—even now, when many of the women's "disabilities" so-called, have been happily removed after centuries of *penal servitude* to their husbands—would gladly have consented to exchange places with "Madame Sihida", whoever she is—not as a political prisoner perhaps, *but as a flogged woman.* What is the horror of being flogged (where brutal force is used, *there is no dishonor but martyrdom*), when compared with a long life of moral and physical slavery? Which of the female "serfs of sex"[1] in *free* England would not gladly exchange her position as a wife and mother, for that of a wife and mother in *despotic* Russia? Why, ladies and gentlemen, who have fought in the "Married Women's Property" agitation, for the "Custody of Infants' Bill", and the right of woman as an independent individual and a citizen, instead of the *thing* and her husband's chattel that she was and still is—are you aware that in *despotic* "half civilised" Russia, the rights of women before the law are on a par with those of men, and in some cases their privileges far greater? That a rich woman marrying a man is, and has been, since the days of Catharine II., sole mistress of her property, the husband having no right to one penny without the wife's legal signature. That a poor girl, marrying a rich man, having on the other hand a legal right to his property during his life and to a certain portion after his death whether he wills it or not, and also a right to the maintenance of herself and children *whatever*

*The National Liberal Club, February 25th, 1890.
[1]"Woman's Rights as preached by Women", by a "Looker on."

*she does?** Have you not heard that a woman holding property and paying taxes *is obliged to give her vote,* whether personally or by proxy? And that so greatly is she protected by law *that even a child born between nine and ten months after the husband's death is considered legitimate by law:* simply because abnormally prolonged gestation does casually happen, and that the law states that it is *more consonant with the law of Christ to forgive nine guilty women, rather than wrong the tenth who may be innocent?* Compare this with the laws of *free* England with regard to woman, who until about eight or nine years ago was simply a slave, with less rights than a plantation negro. Read again Mrs. Fenwick Miller's paper *(loc. cit. supra)* and judge. Everything went against her receiving a higher education, inasmuch as she was to remain all her life "under the tutelage of some man". She had no right to her husband's property, and lost every right to hers, *even to every penny she earned by her own labor,* having, in short, no right to hold any property, whether inherited or acquired. A man deserting his wife for another woman, and leaving her and his children to starve, was not forced to support them, but had a legal right to every penny earned by his abandoned wife, as "the skill of her brain was not hers, it was her husband's". No matter what he did, or whatever crime he committed against her, she had no redress against him, could neither sue him, nor had even the right of lodging a complaint against him. More: she had no rights as a mother, English law recognizing only the father and the child. Her children could be taken away from her, separated from their mother for ever, and there was no redress for her. Says Mrs. Fenwick Miller:—

> The wife had in the eyes of the law simply no existence. . . . Even "within the last two years, seven judges in conclave have declared the law to be to-day that a married woman is in this respect *still absolutely a slave, with no rights of free will in herself.* . . . Was this not slavery? . . . . The woes and flight of the mulatto mother invented by Mrs. Stowe's genius set all England weeping; but English and Scotch mothers too—refined women, adoring mothers . . . —have seen their children torn from their embrace or have fled secretly and lived in desolate concealment with their little ones, as the only way to keep . . . near their breaking hearts the darlings of their souls. . . . "

Herbert Spencer seems to have said the same long ago, in these words:

> "Wives in England were bought from the fifth to the eleventh century, and as late as the seventeenth century husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. Gentlemen (!) arranged parties of pleasure for the purpose of seeing wretched women whipped at Bridewell. It was not till 1817 that the public whipping of women was abolished in England."

Between 1817 and 1890 there are but a few years. But how many centuries old is English civilisation as compared to that of Russia, whose era of barbarism closed only with Peter the Great?

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*If separated (not divorced), and the husband is a public official, a certain portion is deducted from his salary and paid over to the wife.

Who, then, except men capable of taking such undue if legal advantage of their mothers, wives, and children, would not confess that there is far less cruelty even in the *casual flogging* of a woman, than in such a systematic oppression, the life-long torture of millions of *innocent* women and mothers throughout past centuries and to the present day? And for what reasons? Simply to protect the animal passions and lust, the depravity of men—the masters and the legislators. And it is the men of England who have refused, till forced in their last retrenchments, to abrogate such fiendish laws, and who still refuse to make away with many more as iniquitous, who call this solitary case of flogging "a disgrace to civilization"! And so it would be, if once proved, as are the heartless laws of England against her women. No doubt that of drunken, and therefore cruel, brutes among Russian jailors and prison officials there are plenty. But we trow no more than there are in other countries and probably less. And we would advise the editors who would agitate in favor of sending "remonstrances" to Russia, to first extract the beam from the eye of their own country and then only to turn their attention to the mote in the eye of their neighbor. For that "neighbor" is a country which protects at any rate her mothers and wives, while England lets her laws treat them simply as the goods and chattels of her men, and treats them as the dumb brutes of creation. If there ever was a real "disgrace to a civilized nation" it was the formation of numberless Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, before any one even thought of establishing a like Society for the protection of women and children, and the punishment of "wife-kickers" and wife-robbing rascally bipeds, such as are found in every class of Society. And why not rather turn the public attention to more than one "disgrace to a civilized nation", taking place on British soil and in American lands, *e. g.*, to the revolting treatment by the Anglo-Indians of the millions of natives, from the highest Brahman to the lowest pariah, and the no less revolting attitude of the white Americans towards their black co-citizens, or the hapless Red-Indians? Cannibals inflict less torture on their prisoners of war than do the two cultured Christian nations in question on their colored Brethren of the "inferior" races. The former kill and devour their victims, after which these are at rest; while the whites of England and America act worse than Cains towards their black subjects and citizens: they torture them mentally, when not physically, from their cradle to their tomb; refusing them every privilege they have a right to, and then turning round and spitting on them as if they were so many toads. Look at the unfortunate Red Skin! Deprived of every inch of his ancestral land, crowded off into the sea, robbed of his supply of blankets and provisions, the Indian is left to freeze and starve by hundreds and thousands, which he proceeds to do amidst catacombs of Bibles, a prey unfit even for the prairie-buzzard. . . .

But why go so far as to the colonies for our instances and proofs, when cases of repeated flogging of women, aye of young

girls not out of their teens, necessitate "Royal Commissions" at home? "Ruby, or How Girls are Trained for Circus Life", by Amye Read, a *shocker* founded on *facts* as the author claims, has brought forth the following in the *Saturday Review* (July 26th, 1890):

"ROYAL COMMISSION."—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q. C., M. P., has promised that as soon as sufficient evidence can be obtained to justify such a step, he will call attention to the matter in the House of Commons, with a view of inducing the Government to advise Her Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into and report upon the treatment of children whilst being trained to the business of circus riders, acrobats, and contortionists.

"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" says: "'Ruby', by Amye Reade. This book is notable on account of the charges brought by the authoress against a manager or managers in general of circuses. It is an indictment so tremendous that, if it can be proved, the authoress should not be content with representing a picture to harrow novel-readers. She should collect her proofs and lay them before the Public Prosecutor. *Miss Reade asserts that in cases of contumacy girls of seventeen are stripped naked by the circus-master and flogged by him till they are sick and faint and bleeding.*"

Among the members of Parliament who have "allowed their names to be used as indication of their desire to assist the author in her . . . efforts to bring before the public the horrible cruelties", are Messrs. Gainsford Bruce, Jacob Bright, Sir Richard Temple, etc., etc. Now, "Madame Sihida", whatever she was else, was a murderess (political or not does not matter); but these unfortunate girls of seventeen are perfectly innocent victims.

Ah, gentlemen editors, of the two cultured champion nations of Christendom, you may play as much as you like at Sir Charles Grandison—that union of the perfect gentleman and good Christian—but who will believe you? Your protests are only suggestive of the Christian ethics of to-day, and are an insult to the ethics of Christ. They are no better than a glaring instance of modern cant and a gigantic apotheosis of hypocrisy. In the words of Lermontoff, the Russian poet, all this comedy—

> . . . . "would be too grotesque, in truth,
> If it were not so heartrending!"

Read rather Bertillon's *Les Races Sauvages* and Charles Lümholtz's *Au pays des Cannibales*—a French translation from the Swedish—if you would know what your friends accuse you of, while Russia is charged with her misdeeds only by her enemies, and those jealous of her growing power. Having just come across some reviews of these works, it is but right that our friends should have an idea of the charges published against England, or rather her colonies, and thus be given the means of comparing the Russian "mote" with the British "beam". We were just preparing to blush for the alleged misdeeds of the former, which misdeeds, *if true,* would not be excused by any Theosophist on the ground that the Anglo-Indians and the Americans do far worse at home as well as in their colonies—when we saw a Russian review of these works which made us long to read the works themselves. We had known for years—that which the whole world knows—in what a civilized and Christian way the

English and Americans treated—not their prisoners, political or others, but simply their most loyal subjects and citizens, harmless Hindus and other "black heathens", hard-working, honest negroes, and the much-wronged Red Indians. But we were not prepared to believe that which is published in the *Races Sauvages* of Bertillon and *Au pays des Cannibales* by the well-known Swedish traveller in Australia, Charles Lümholtz.

Let us glance at the older work. Bertillon speaks of Tasmania, and shows that in 1803 there were still about 6,000 natives left, while just sixty-nine years later there remained of them but a legend, and a ghastly tale. In 1872 died the last of the Tasmanians. The country was swept out of its last *nigger*. How did it come to pass? This is Bertillon's tale:

> To achieve such a brilliant result, the English did not stop before any kind of cruelty. They premised by offering £5 for the head of every adult, and £2 for that of every baby Tasmanian. To succeed in this chase after the miserable native the better, the English brought with them aborigines of Australia, the great enemies of the Tasmanians, and used them as blood hounds. But this method was found to work too slowly. Then a *cordon* was organised, or rather a band, selected from Colonists, and among the scum of the garrison . . . and Arthur, the then governor of the island, was appointed as its chief. After this commenced a regular chase after the Tasmanian, as one finds in hunts after wild boars. . . . The natives were driven into deep water, shot, as if by accident, and those who escaped were poisoned with arsenic . . . some Colonists going so far as to make a fine collection of their victims' skulls, and boasting of it. . . . ".

Now this may, or may not, be true; it may, or may not, be exaggerated, just as in the case of "Siberian flogging" and cruelty to political prisoners. As the latter charge comes to us from Russia's enemies and sensation-loving travellers, so the tale of Tasmania is told by the same kind of traveller, and, moreover, one of a nation not generally friendly to England. But here comes something more modern and trustworthy, a charge from a decided friend of England and the Australians, and one who says what he has seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears—namely, Charles Lümholtz, in his work called in the French translation, *Au Pays des Cannibales*. We quote from an ample Russian review of the work, in the *Novoyé Vremya*, May 2 (14), 1890, No. 5,080. According to the latter, the "enlightenment" of the inferior races and the savage-islanders by the civilization-spreading Englishmen did not stop at the Tasmanians. This is from Lümholtz's revelation, and it is ghastly!

> There is a chapter in this work treating specially of the relations of the English colonists with the natives, and what deadly terrible relations! The life of a black man is worth nothing, it seems, and his rights to existence are on a par with those of a wild beast. "To kill a native of Australia is the same as killing a dog in the eyes of a British colonist," says Lümholtz. More than this: no dog will be so cruelly treated in Europe. Its life, unless dangerous to men, will not be taken away without any cause. Not so for the native of Australia, according to the evidence of the Swedish author, who shows that there are young men who make a point of hunting the blacks every Sunday in the neighborhood of their cities, systematically passing the whole day in that

sport, simply *for pleasure's sake*. . . . . A party of four or five horsemen prepares traps, or, driving the savages into a narrow pass, forces them to seek refuge on precipitous cliffs, and while the unfortunate wretches are climbing at their life's peril on almost perpendicular bare rocks, one ball after another is fired at them, making even those slightly wounded lose their hold, and falling down, break and tear themselves into shreds on the sharp rocky projections below. . . . A squatter in Long Lagoon has become famous for the immense number of blacks he has poisoned with strychnine. And this is no single instance. A farmer from Lower Herbert confessed to the Swedish traveller that he was in the habit of burning the dead bodies of the natives—to get rid of them, in order to destroy a too palpable piece of evidence. But this was only an extra precaution. For, although local law (on paper) punishes murder, it is in reality only *the killing of white men* which is called murder. English colonists have repeatedly offered to Lümholtz to shoot a few blacks, to get for him the native skulls he was in need of. . . . Before law a black savage is entirely helpless. "Were I a native, I would kill every English colonist I met," said an exasperated Englishman, an eye-witness like himself, to our author. Another traveller, in his letter to Lümholtz, speaks of these British colonists as of "the most disgusting caricatures of Christians," and adds: "The English constantly throw stones at other nations for their behavior to conquered races, while no words can express the horror and the indignity of their own acts towards the natives of Australia".

Thus, having swept off the face of the earth the unfortunate Tasmanians, the British colonists—

. . . "with a cruelty a tiger might envy, destroy to this day the Australian savages. When the first colony of the province of Victoria was founded, there were about 10,000 natives in that district. In 1871, their number fell to 3,000; and in 1880 there were only about 800 left, in all. How many remain alive now we do not know; at any rate, the above cited figures show very eloquently that the civilizing influence of the enlightened mariners has borne fruit and their handiwork is nearing its end." "A few more years" says Lümholtz, "and the Australian aboriginal race will have disappeared from the face of the earth. The English province of Victoria, raised on the black man's lands, soaked through and through with his savage blood and fertilized with his bones, will blossom the more luxuriously for that. . . . ."

The Russian Reviewer ends with a paragraph which may be taken as a tit-for-tat to the English editor of the *Universal Review* and his colleagues. We give a *verbatim* translation of it:—

"Such is the soil on which that colonizing activity the English seem so proud of finds its vent. And it is this soil, furrowed in length and breadth by the brutal cruelty of the soulless English colonist, which proclaims loudly to the whole world that, to have right of throwing stones at other nations, it is not sufficient yet to be covered with an English skin. It is also necessary that the British soul should not be as black as are the bodies of, and the soil wrenched from, the poor natives; and that the hapless savages should not be viewed by their conquerors as no better than the Egyptian mummies of cats; to wit: good only to serve as land-fertilizers for their masters' flourishing colonies."

And now we have done, leaving the detractors and self-constituted judges of Russia to their own reflections. We have lived in India and throughout Asiatic countries; and, as a Theosophist, we feel bound to say that nowhere have we found such a potentiality of cruelty and cant under the brown and black skins as under the white epiderm of the refined European, save perhaps, in the class of the gariwalas, the bullock cart drivers. If the reader would learn the

characteristics of this class he will be told for his edification what is that personage. The gariwala belongs to that specimen of humanity to which speech was given to conceal its thought, and which professes its religion only because it serves its ends. While offering divine honors and worship to the cow and the bull, and never letting any opportunity of denouncing his brother gariwala to the village Brahman for disrespect to the (sacred) animals, he himself twists the tails of his team of oxen until these appendages of his Gods hang only by a few hairs and clotted blood. The gariwala, it is, then, who ought to feel a legitimate pride in finding himself acting on the same lines of whining cant as his masters—the *barasaabs*. And coming so near, in his own humble way, to the policy of the two most civilized and cultured nations of Christendom, the gariwala ought perhaps to be promoted from the ranks of the *inferior* to those of the *superior* race.

We have but one word more to say. When Russia has as much said of her by her friends, as Lümholtz says of Australia, and others of India and America, then will every honest man and woman of Europe join in the indignation meetings and righteous protests against Russian atrocities. Until then the best advice one can give to the English and the Americans is very, very old: "JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED. For how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and behold, a beam is in thine own?"

H. P. B.

OCCULT ARTS*

NO. I.

(CONCLUDED)

PRECIPITATION

THE outer senses cannot give a safe final judgment upon a precipitated message, they can only settle such physical questions as how it came, through whom, the credibility of the person, and whether any deception on the objective plane has been practised. The inner senses, including the great combining faculty or power of intuition, are the final judges. The outer have to do solely with the phenomenal part, the inner deal with the causes and the real actors and powers.

As precipitations have been phenomenally made through "controlled" mediums who are themselves ignorant of the laws and forces at work, these are but strange phenomena proving the existence of a power in Nature either related to human mind or wholly unrelated to it. These are not the exercise of Occult Arts, but simply the operation of natural law, however recondite and obscure. They are like the burning of a flame, the falling of water, or the

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for November, 1893.

rush of the lightning, whereas when the Adept causes a flame to appear where there is no wick, or a sound to come where there is no vibrating visible surface, occult art is using the same laws and forces which with the medium are automatically and unconsciously operated by subtle parts of the medium's nature and "nature spirits", as well as what we know as *kama-lokic* human entities, in combination. And here the outer senses deal solely with the outer phenomena, being unable to touch in the least on the unseen workings behind. So they can only decide whether a physical fraud has been practised; they can note the day, the hour, the surrounding circumstances, but no more.

But if one hitherto supposed to be in communication with the White Adepts comes to us and says, "Here is a message from one of Those", then if we have not independent power in ourselves of deciding the question on inner knowledge, the next step is either to believe the report or disbelieve it. In the case of H. P. B., in whose presence and through whom messages were said to come from the White Adepts, it was all the time, at the final analysis, a matter of faith in those who confessedly had and have no independent personal power to know by the use of their own inner senses. But there intuition, one of the inner powers, decided for the genuineness of the report and the authentication of the messages. She herself put it tersely in this way: "If you think no Mahatma wrote the theories I have given of man and nature and if you do not believe my report, then you have to conclude that I did it all". The latter conclusion would lead to the position that her acts, phenomena, and writings put her in the position usually accorded by us to a Mahatma. As to the letters or messages of a personal nature, each one had and has to decide for himself whether or not to follow the advice given.

Another class of cases is where a message is found in a closed letter, on the margin or elsewhere on the sheet. The outer senses decide whether the writer of the letter inserted the supposed message or had some one else do it, and that must be decided on what is known of the character of the person. If you decide that the correspondent did not write it nor have anyone else do so, but that it was injected phenomenally, then the inner senses must be used. If they are untrained, certainly the matter becomes one of faith entirely, unless intuition is strong enough to decide correctly that a wise as well as powerful person caused the writing to appear there. Many such messages have been received in the history of the T. S. Some came in one way, some in another; one might be in a letter from a member of the Society, another in a letter from an outsider wholly ignorant of these matters. In every case, unless the recipient had independent powers developed within, no judgment on mere outer phenomena would be safe.

It is very difficult to find cases such as the above, because *first,* they are extremely rare, and *second,* the persons involved do not wish to relate them, since the matter transmitted had a purely

personal bearing. A fancy may exist that in America or England or London such messages, generally considered bogus by enemies and outsiders, are being constantly sent and received, and that persons in various quarters are influenced to this or that course of action by them, but this is pure fancy, without basis in fact, so far as the knowledge and experience of the writer extend. While precipitations phenomenally by the use of occult power and in a way unknown to science are possible and have occurred, that is not the means employed by the White Adepts in communicating with those thus favored. They have disciples with whom communication is already established and carried on, most generally through the inner ear and eye, but sometimes through the prosaic mail. In these cases no one else is involved and no one else has the right to put questions. The disciple reserves his communications for the guidance of his own action, unless he or she is directed to tell another. To spread broad-cast a mass of written communications among those who are willing to accept them without knowing how to judge would be the sheerest folly, only productive of superstition and blind credulity. This is not the aim of the Adepts nor the method they pursue. And this digression will be excused, it being necessary because the subject of precipitation as a fact has been brought up very prominently. I may further digress to say that no amount of precipitations, however clear of doubt and fraud as to time, place, and outward method, would have the slightest effect on my mind or action unless my own intuition and inner senses confirmed them and showed them to be from a source which should call for my attention and concurrence.

How, then, is this precipitation done, and what is the process? This question brings up the whole of the philosophy offered in the Secret Doctrine. For if the postulate of the metaphysical character of the Cosmos is denied, if the supreme power of the disciplined mind is not admitted, if the actual existence of an inner and real world is negatived, if the necessity and power of the image-making faculty are disallowed, then such precipitation is an impossibility, always was, and always will be. Power over mind, matter, space, and time depends on several things and positions. Needed for this are: Imagination raised to its highest limit, desire combined with will that wavers not, and a knowledge of the occult chemistry of Nature. All must be present or there will be no result.

Imagination is the power to make in the ether an image. This faculty is limited by any want of the training of mind and increased by good mental development. In ordinary persons imagination is only a vain and fleeting fancy which makes but a small impression comparatively in the ether. This power, when well-trained, makes a matrix in ether wherein each line, word, letter, sentence, color, or other mark is firmly and definitely made. Will, well-trained, must then be used to draw from the ether the matter to be deposited, and then, according to the laws of such an operation, the depositing matter collects in masses within the limits of

the matrix and becomes from its accumulation visible on the surface selected. The will, still at work, has then to cut off the mass of matter from its attraction to that from whence it came. This is the whole operation, and who then is the wiser? Those learned in the schools laugh, and well they may, for there is not in science anything to correspond, and many of the positions laid down are contrary to several received opinions. But in Nature there are vast numbers of natural effects produced by ways wholly unknown to science, and Nature does not mind the laughter, nor should any disciple.

But how is it possible to inject such a precipitation into a closed letter? The ether is all-pervading, and the envelope or any other material bar is no bar to it. In it is carried the matter to be deposited, and as the whole operation is done on the other side of visible nature up to the actual appearance of the deposit, physical obstructions do not make the slightest difference.

It is necessary to return for a moment to the case of precipitations through mediums. Here the matrix needs no trained imagination to make it nor trained will to hold it. In the astral light the impressions are cut and remain immovable; these are used by the elementals and other forces at work, and no disturbing will of sitter being able to interfere—simply from blind ignorance—there is no disturbance of the automatic unconscious work. In the sitter's aura are thousands of impressions which remain unmoved because all attention has been long ago withdrawn. And the older or simpler they are the more firmly do they exist. These constitute also a matrix through which the nature spirits work.

I can properly finish this with the incident mentioned at the beginning. It was with H. P. B. I was sitting in her room beside her, the distance between us being some four feet. In my hand I held a book she never had had in her possession and that I had just taken from the mail. It was clear of all marks, its title page was fresh and clean, no one had touched it since it left the bookseller. I examined its pages and began to read. In about five minutes a very powerful current of what felt like electricity ran up and down my side on the skin, and I looked up at her. She was looking at me and said, "What do you read?" I had forgotten the title, as it was one I had never seen before, and so I turned back to the title page. There at the top on the margin where it had not been before was a sentence of two lines of writing in ink, and the ink was wet, and the writing was that of H. P. B. who sat before me. She had not touched the book, but by her knowledge of occult law, occult chemistry, and occult will, she had projected out of the ink-bottle before her the ink to make the sentence, and of course it was in her own handwriting, as that was the easiest way to do it. Hence my own physical system was used to do the work, and the instant of its doing was when I felt the shock on the skin. This is to be explained in the way I have outlined, or it is to be all brushed aside as a lie or as a delusion of mine. But

those last I can not accept, for I know to the contrary, and further I know that the advice for such it was, in that sentence was good. I followed it, and the result was good. Several other times also have I seen her precipitate on different surfaces, and she always said it was no proof of anything whatever save the power to do the thing, admitting that black and white magicians could do the same thing, and saying that the only safety for any one in the range of such forces was to be pure in motive, in thought, and in act.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

THREE GREAT IDEAS*

AMONG many ideas brought forward through the theosophical movement there are three which should never be lost sight of. Not speech, but thought, really rules the world; so, if these three ideas are good let them be rescued again and again from oblivion.

The first idea is, that there is a great Cause—in the sense of an enterprise—called the Cause of Sublime Perfection and Human Brotherhood. This rests upon the essential unity of the whole human family, and is a possibility because sublimity in perfectness and actual realization of brotherhood on every plane of being are one and the same thing. All efforts by Rosicrucian, Mystic, Mason and Initiate are efforts toward the convocation in the hearts and minds of men of the Order of Sublime Perfection.

The second idea is, that man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, no doubt, when he said that we must be perfect even as is the father in heaven. This is the idea of human perfectibility. It will destroy the awful theory of inherent original sin which has held and ground down the western Christian nations for centuries.

The third idea is the illustration, the proof, the high result of the others. It is, that the Masters—those who have reached up to what perfection this period of evolution and this solar system will allow—are living, veritable facts, and not abstractions cold and distant. They are, as our old H. P. B. so often said, *living men.* And she said, too, that a shadow of woe would come to those who should say they were not living facts, who should assert that "the Masters descend not to this plane of ours." The Masters as living facts and high ideals will fill the soul with hope, will themselves help all who wish to raise the human race.

Let us not forget these three great ideas.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

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THE MAGICAL EVOCATON OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA*

A CHAPTER TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR, FROM ELIPHAS LEVI.[1]

WE have already said that in the Astral Light, the images of persons and things are preserved. It is also in this light that can be evoked the forms of those who are no longer in our world, and it is by its means that are effected the mysteries of necromancy which are as real as they are denied.

The Cabalists, who have spoken of the spirit-worlds, have simply related what they have seen in their evocations.

Eliphas Levi Zahed (these Hebrew names translated are: Alphonse Louis Constant), who writes this book, has evoked and he has seen.

Let us first tell what the masters have written of their visions or intuitions in what they call the light of glory.

We read in the Hebrew book, "The Revolution of the Souls," that there are souls of three kinds; the daughters of Adam, the daughters of the angels, and the daughters of sin. There are also, according to the same book, three kinds of spirits: captive spirits, wandering spirits, and free spirits. Souls are sent in couples. There are, however, souls of men which are born single, and whose mates are held captive by Lilth and Næmah, the queens of Strygis;[2] these are the souls which have to make the future expiations for their rashness, in assuming a vow of celibacy. For example, when a man renounces from childhood the love of woman, he makes the spouse who was destined for him the slave of the demons of lust. Souls grow and multiply in heaven as well as bodies upon earth. The immaculate souls are the offspring of the union of the angels.

Nothing can enter into Heaven, except that which is of Heaven. After death, then, the divine spirit which animated the man, returns alone to Heaven, and leaves upon earth and in the atmosphere two corpses. One terrestrial and elementary; the other, aerial and sidereal; the one lifeless already, the other still animated by the universal movement of the soul of the world (Astral light), but destined to die gradually, absorbed by the Astral powers which produced it. The earthly corpse is visible: the other is invisible to the eyes of the terrestrial and living body, and cannot be perceived except by the influences of the Astral or translucid light, which communicates its impressions to the nervous systems, and thus affects the organ of sight, so as to make it see the forms which are preserved, and the words which are written in the book of vital life.

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[1] From "Dogme et Rituel de la Haute Magie."

[2] A word applied by the Valaginians and Orientals to a certain kind of unprogressed, elementary spirits.—Ed.

When a man has lived well, the astral corpse or spirit evaporates like a pure incense, as it mounts towards the higher regions; but if man has lived in crime, his astral body, which holds him prisoner, seeks again the objects of passions, and desires to resume its course of life. It torments the dreams of young girls, bathes in the stream of spilt blood, and hovers about the places where the pleasures of its life flitted by; it watches continually over the treasures which it possessed and concealed; it exhausts itself in unhappy efforts to make for itself material organs and live evermore. But the stars attract and absorb it; it feels its intelligence weakening, its memory is gradually lost, all its being dissolves . . . its old vices appear to it as incarnations, and pursue it under monstrous shapes; they attack and devour. . . . The unhappy wretch thus loses successively all the members which served its sinful appetites; then it dies a second time and for ever, because it then loses its personality and its memory. Souls, which are destined to live, but which are not yet entirely purified, remain for a longer or shorter time captives in the Astral body, where they are refined by the odic light which seeks to assimilate them to itself and dissolve. It is to rid themselves of this body that suffering souls sometimes enter the bodies of living persons, and remain there for a while in a state which the Cabalists call Embryonic.

These are the aerial phantoms evoked by necromancy. These are the larvæ, substances dead or dying, with which one places himself in rapport; ordinarily they cannot speak except by the ringing in our ears, produced by the nervous quivering of which I have spoken, and usually reasoning only as they reflect upon our thoughts or dreams.

But to see these strange forms one must put himself in an exceptional condition, partaking at once of sleep and death; that is to say, one must magnetize himself and reach a kind of lucid and wakeful somnambulism. Necromancy, then, obtains real results, and the evocations of magic are capable of producing veritable apparitions. We have said that in the great magical agent, which is the Astral light, are preserved all the impressions of things, all the images formed, either by their rays or by their reflections; it is in this light that our dreams appear to us, it is this light which intoxicates the insane and sweeps away their enfeebled judgment into the pursuit of the most fantastic phantoms. To see without illusions in this light it is necessary to push aside the reflections by a powerful effort of the will, and draw to oneself only the rays. To dream waking is to see in the Astral light; and the orgies of the witches' Sabbath, described by so many sorcerers upon their criminal trials, did not present themselves to them in any other manner. Often the preparations and the substances employed to arrive at this result were horrible, as we have seen in the chapters devoted to the Ritual; but the results were never doubtful. Things of the most abominable, fantastic, and impossible description were seen, heard and touched.

In the spring of the year 1854, I went to London to escape from

certain family troubles and give myself up, without interruption, to science. I had introductory letters to eminent persons interested in supernatural manifestations. I saw several, and found in them, combined with much politeness, a great deal of indifference or frivolity. Immediately they demanded of me miracles, as they would of a charlatan. I was a little discouraged, for to tell the truth, far from being disposed to initiate others into the mysteries of ceremonial magic, I have always dreaded for myself the illusions and fatigues thereof; besides, these ceremonies demand materials at once expensive and hard to collect together. I, therefore, buried myself in the study of the High Cabala, and thought no more of the English adepts until one day, upon entering my lodging, I found a note with my address. This note contained the half of a card, cut in two, and upon which I recognized, at once, the character of Solomon's Seal and a very small bit of paper, upon which was written in pencil: "To-morrow, at three o'clock, before Westminster Abbey, the other half of this card will be presented to you." I went to this singular rendezvous. A carriage was standing at the place. I held in my hand, with seeming indifference, my half of the card; a servant approached, and opening the carriage door, made me a sign. In the carriage was a lady in black, whose bonnet was covered with a very thick veil; she beckoned to me to take a seat beside her, at the same time showing me the other half of the card which I had received. The footman closed the door, the carriage rolled away; and the lady having raised her veil I perceived a person whose eyes were sparkling and extremely piercing in expression. "Sir," said she to me, with a very strong English accent, "I know that the law of secrecy is very rigorous among adepts; a friend of Sir Bulwer Lytton, who has seen you, knows that experiments have been requested of you, and that you have refused to satisfy their curiosity. Perhaps you have not the necessary things: I wish to show you a complete magic cabinet; but I demand of you in advance the most inviolable secrecy. If you do not give this promise upon your honour I shall order the coachman to reconduct you to your house." I promised what was required, and I show my fidelity in mentioning neither the name, the quality, nor the residence of this lady, whom I soon recognized as an initiate, not precisely of the first degree, but of a very high one. We had several long conversations, in the course of which she constantly insisted upon the necessity of practical experiments to complete initiation. She showed me a collection of magical robes and instruments, even lent me some curious books that I needed; in short, she decided to try at her house the experiment of a complete evocation, for which I prepared myself during twenty-one days, by scrupulously observing the practices indicated in the XIIIth chapter of the "Ritual."

All was ready by the 24th of July; our purpose was to evoke the phantom of the Divine Apollonius and interrogate him as to two secrets, of which one concerned myself and the other interested this lady. She had at first intended to assist at the evocation, with an

intimate friend; but at the last moment, this lady's courage failed, and, as three persons or one are strictly required for magical rites, I was left alone. The cabinet prepared for the evocation was arranged in the small tower, four concave mirrors were properly disposed, and there was a sort of altar, whose white marble top was surrounded by a chain of magnetized iron. Upon the white marble was chiselled and gilded the sign of the Pentagram; and the same sign was traced in different colours upon a fresh white lambskin, which was spread under the altar. In the centre of the marble slab, there was a little brazier of copper, containing charcoal of elm and laurel wood; another brazier was placed before me, on a tripod. I was clothed in a white robe, something like those used by our Catholic priests, but longer and more full, and I wore upon my head a crown of verbena leaves interwoven in a golden chain. In one hand I held a naked sword, and in another the Ritual. I lighted the two fires, with the substances requisite and prepared, and I began at first in a low voice, then louder by degrees, the invocations of the Ritual. The smoke spread, the flame flickered and made to dance all the objects it lighted, then went out. The smoke rose white and slow from the marble altar. It seemed to me as if I had detected a slight shock of earthquake, my ears rang and my heart beat rapidly. I added some twigs and perfumes to the braziers, and when the flame rose, I saw distinctly, before the altar, a human figure, larger than life size, which decomposed and melted away. I re-commenced the evocations, and placed myself in a circle which I had traced in advance of the ceremony between the altar and the tripod; I saw then the dish of the mirror facing me, and behind the altar became illuminated by degrees, and a whitish form there developed itself, enlarging and seeming to approach little by little. I called three times upon Apollonius, at the same time closing my eyes; and, when I re-opened them, a man was before me, completely enveloped in a shroud, which seemed to me rather gray than white; his face was thin, sad and beardless, which did not seem to convey to me the idea which I had previously formed of Apollonius. I experienced a sensation of extraordinary cold, and when I opened my mouth to question the phantom, it was impossible for me to articulate a sound. I then put my hand upon the sign of the Pentagram, and I directed towards him the point of the sword, commanding him mentally by that sign, not to frighten me but to obey. Then the form became confused, and suddenly disappeared. I commanded it to reappear; upon which I felt pass near me, like a breath, and something having touched the hand which touched the sword, I felt my arm instantly stiffened, as far as the shoulder. I thought I understood that this sword offended the spirit, and I planted it by the point in the circle near me. The human figure then re-appeared, but I felt such a weakness in my limbs, and such a sudden exhaustion seize hold of me, that I took a couple of steps to seat myself. As soon as I was in my chair, I fell in a profound slumber, accompanied by dreams, of which, upon returning to myself, I had only a vague and confused remembrance.

For several days my arm was stiff and painful. The apparition had not spoken to me, but it seemed that the questions which I wished to ask it, answered themselves in my mind. To that of the lady, an interior voice replied in me, "Dead!" (It concerned a man of whom she wished to have some intelligence.) As to myself I wished to know, if reconciliation and pardon would be possible between two persons, of whom I thought, and the same interior echo pitilessly answered, "Dead!"

I relate these facts exactly as they happened, not forcing them upon the faith of any one. The effect of this first experiment upon me was something inexplicable. I was no longer the same man. . . .

I twice repeated, in the course of a few days, the same experiment. The result of these two other evocations was to reveal to me two Cabalistic secrets, which might, if they were known by every one, change in a short time the foundations and laws of the whole of Society. . . . I will not explain by what physiological laws, I saw and touched; I simply assert, that I did see and touch, that I saw clearly and distinctly, without dreaming, and that is enough to prove the efficacy of magic ceremonies. . . .

I will not close this chapter without noticing the curious beliefs of certain Cabalists, who distinguish apparent from real death, and think that they seldom occur simultaneously. According to their story, the greatest part of persons buried are alive, and many others, whom we think living, are in fact dead. Incurable insanity, for instance, would be, according to them, an incomplete but real death, which leaves the earthly body under the exclusive instinctive control of the astral or sidereal body. When the human soul experiences a shock too violent for it to bear, it would separate itself from the body and leave in its place the animal soul, or, in other words, the astral body; which makes of the human wreck something in one sense less living then even an animal. Dead persons of this kind can be easily recognized by the complete extinction of the affectional and moral senses; they are not bad, they are not good; they are dead. These beings, who are the poisonous mushrooms of the human species, absorb as much as they can of the vitality of the living; that is why their approach paralyzes the soul, and sends a chill to the heart. These corpse-like beings prove all that has ever been said of the vampires, those dreadful creatures who rise at night and suck the blood from the healthy bodies of sleeping persons. Are there not some beings in whose presence one feels less intelligent, less good, often even less honest? Does not their approach quench all faith and enthusiasm, and do they not bind you to them by your weaknesses, and enslave you by your evil inclinations, and make you gradually lose all moral sense in a constant torture?

These are the dead whom we take for living persons; these are the vampires whom we mistake for friends!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—So little is known in modern times of Ancient Magic, its meaning, history, capabilities, literature, adepts, and results, that we cannot allow what precedes to go out, without a few words of explanation. The

ceremonies and paraphernalia so minutely described by Levi, are calculated and were intended to deceive the superficial reader. Forced by an irresistible impulse to write what he knew, but fearing to be dangerously explicit, in this instance, as everywhere throughout his works, he magnifies unimportant details and slurs over things of greater moment. True, Oriental Occultists need no preparation, no costumes, apparatus, coronets or war-like weapons; for these appertain to the Jewish Kabala, which bears the same relation to its simple Chaldean prototype as the ceremonious observances of the Romish Church, to the simple worship of Christ and his apostles. In the hands of the true adepts of the East, a simple wand of bamboo, with seven joints, supplemented by their ineffable wisdom and indomitable will-power, suffices to evoke spirits and produce the miracles authenticated by the testimony of a cloud of unprejudiced witnesses. At this seance of Levi's, upon the re-appearance of the phantom, the daring investigator saw and heard things which, in his account of the first trial, are wholly suppressed, and in that of the others merely hinted at. We know this from authorities not to be questioned.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question One.

Karma, as I understand it, means absolute justice. That being so—would not the speedy execution of a condemned murderer expedite his Karma? As he has taken life does not his Karma demand that he also shall come to a violent end, whether in this life or some future reincarnation? If his slate is not clean when he ends this existence, the sword of Damocles must hang over his head until a suitable time presents for the action of this unexpended Karma, possibly centuries later, at which time he must necessarily pass through the same obnoxious period in Kama Loka which is the natural sequence to those who come to violent ends. Looking at it from that angle I fail to see why man made laws which "jerked him to Christ" have not performed a charitable act in assisting his Ego over a rocky part of his journey with all expediency.

Answer.

It would be well to have a clear understanding of Karma. Here is a good definition; Karma is an undeviating and unerring tendency in the Universe to restore equilibrium, and it operates incessantly; and this one—There is no Karma unless there is a being to make it or feel its effects. Karma is thus shown to be action by and reaction upon any being; as it proceeds from action the being so acting receives the reaction. As we do not know the karma of any being—that is, all the causes that led up to the condition and tendencies we find, no one is wise enough to set himself up as karmic agent in any case; and in the case of a murderer, no one is in a position to say that if he is allowed to live he will not see his wrong ways and devote the remaining years of his natural existence to a re-adjustment of thought and action, and atonement as far as possible. To kill him is as great an injustice as he inflicted upon his victim, and besides destroys all chance of reform. His slate is not cleaned by death at the hands of his fellow-men, that slate can only be cleaned by himself and in such case they refuse him the opportunity. Here is injustice

done by the community in ignorance of the nature of being; the karma of such injustice must fall upon all concerned and all consenting to judicial murders. The karma of any wrong-doer will be appropriate to the wrongs done, and does not require human laws and punishment to bring it about, for karma in another sense is attraction and repulsion for good or for evil according to acquired tendencies. Karma is not an outside force or law, but is inherent in every being, and this makes readjustment inevitable. Besides, in executing a criminal, only the bodily instrument is destroyed; the man with all his tendencies, good and evil, is still potent and active and can and does affect others of like nature in bodies, thereby in the case of a hardened criminal increasing criminal tendencies in others instead of reducing crime—an added karma produced through ignorance of man's nature. It is only from right knowledge that right action can proceed.

Question Two.

Is it not possible that the desire for retaliation for a wrong or hurt received, which is inherent in most of us on this plane, is a command from the Absolute to facilitate the expending of Karma? A man is wronged and instantly returns in kind; the slate is clean, for in all justice the injured should not be subject to Karma in obeying a fiat from above.

Answer.

The desire for retaliation cannot be construed as proceeding from justice or compassion; where it exists and is exercised it constitutes a fresh cause from which further karma results. Buddha said—"Hatred never yet ceased by hatred; hatred ceases only by love". If a wrong is done one by another, it is that one's karma to be so wronged; if he returns good for evil, the slate is wiped clean as far as he is concerned; if he returns evil for evil, he perpetuates evil for himself.

The Absolute does not command, nor does that impersonal Principle act or receive the fruits of action. Read the Gita.

Question Three.

Excepting those who are fighting in Europe for the lust for blood or greed—are all soldiers who die in warfare subject to the same period of agony and intense desire in the Astral Plane which is the lot of suicides and executed criminals? The majority, I take it, are prompted to fight from higher motives, such as patriotism and the defense of their homes and families. Does not the motive mitigate what would be otherwise an insufferable condition, acute with the sense of unjustice, or is that Law an unbending one,—that all who die by the sword, no matter how grandly, have made themselves subject irrevocably to a period of "damnation".

Answer.

There is a wide difference between soldiers killed in battle and suicides or executed criminals. Soldiers fight from various motives; some from pure patriotism; some for adventure; some from hatred and revenge; some as a profession and means of livelihood. The

after death states vary with the thoughts and feelings of each. It may be said that no two individuals after death are in exactly the same state, although on the same plane of consciousness. Just as on this physical plane no two see or feel exactly alike. Killing and being killed bring their own physical results in other lives; whatever of suffering may result in succeeding lives will be psychical and mental (the only real suffering) and dependent upon the motives of each; the physical body is of course involved in the psychical and mental condition of any individual. So all states are dependent upon thought, will and feeling, on the part of the individual; all physical results depend upon the attitude of mind of the one experiencing them.

Question Four.

Baby Bollinger.

Had it been born at a time previous to the advent of modern surgery, the little instrument for that particular Ego would have perished in exactly the same manner. From that standpoint it is natural to conclude that this Ego was given this totally inadequate vehicle to serve for just the brief return to earth required. Then—Should Science attempt to interfere with the construction of an All Wise Intelligence?

Answer.

Had the Bollinger baby been born a century ago it would have perished from ignorance of how to succor. That is quite right. But it was not so born; it was born in an age when its life could have been preserved for it, and that assistance was refused. There was an Ego in that body who came to work out his karma; he came at this time under Law and was entitled to as much assistance as any other Ego at the hands of his fellow-men. No one enters life physical without such assistance. Our medical men and indeed most individuals do not understand Karma nor the mystery of birth and so the crime of complacent destruction of defective bodies is ruthlessly pursued.

"Should science interfere with the construction of an All-wise Intelligence?" It is a mistake to assume the existence of an All-wise Intelligence; it reduces itself as a conception to the idea of a Ruling Providence or Personal God; whereas Theosophy teaches the Rule of Law in everything and every circumstance; each being acting according to his acquired nature and receiving his just deserts. The more knowledge and power a being has, the more is his responsibility to help and teach others. So that the ruling intelligence in any universe is that of the highest evolved beings in it. That They help may be seen in Their Message Theosophy. They may not interfere with any soul's divine right of choice; all that They can do is to point the way to right knowledge. From this it may be seen that each soul has to work out its own salvation, with such help as its acquired nature and tendencies permit it to receive. There is no Knowledge unless there are the Knowers of it. Neither Knowledge nor Intelligence exist unless there are beings who possess them.

QUESTIONS ABOUT INDIA*

If India is the birthplace of the Theosophical philosophy, and if the Hindûs have more natural capacities for occult knowledge than we, should we not accept those of them who come here and offer themselves as our teachers rather than waste time at Branch meetings in discussing questions concerning which we really know but little?

W. Q. Judge.—Doubtless India is now the most ancient storehouse of Aryan philosophy which may be called theosophical—but no one is able to say that it is the birthplace. Egypt with its tremendous civilization, its philosophy and magic, is silent, and there is no one to put forward its claim. Beyond question also, the Hindûs of to-day have more metaphysical acumen than we have. But the West is creeping up. And intellectual, metaphysical gifts are not spiritual gifts. We have all the intellect we need, active and latent. The Hindû of to-day is a talker, a hair-splitter, and when he has not been altered by contact with Western culture he is superstitious. Such we do not want as teachers. We will hail them as brothers and co-workers but not as our Magisters. But those Hindûs who come here are not teachers. They have come here for some personal purpose and they teach no more nor better than is found in our own theosophical literature: their yoga is but half or quarter yoga, because if they knew it they would not teach a barbarian Westerner. What little yoga they do teach is to be read at large in our books and translations.

The craze for present-day India is an eminently foolish one. If one will calmly examine the facts he will find the nation as a whole superstitious to the last degree; the few theosophists and Englishised ones being but as a drop in the ocean. It is not a united nation and cannot itself help the West. For centuries it has helped no one outside itself. As a whole—there are grand exceptions—the Brahmans keep up the superstition and proud isolation. We have the words of Master K. H.—an Indian—that India is spiritually degraded. Fakirs and wonder-workers and hypnotisers do not prove spirituality. It is the destiny of India to hold as a storehouse good things to come out later; the West, as newest, youngest, and hence least degraded spiritually, has to work and learn so as to help the East.

And the questioner speaking only of India seems to forget great Tibet and all Buddhist countries. What of those? What of their ignorance and superstition? Is India to be talked of alone, and all these others left out? It is time to call a halt, and for theosophists to broaden their conception of what and where the East is, and to stop talking as if the sun in the morning shone only on India.

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*This answer by Mr. Judge to the question asked was first printed in *The Theosophical Forum* for June, 1895. The title used is our own. [Ed. Theosophy.]

ON THE LOOKOUT

The importance of giving true direction to the minds of children before school age is reached must be apparent to every Theosophist. For there is nothing truly unitary in our present educational systems. As soon as the average child is sent to school, he becomes involved in the partial, separative and individualistic ideas which set the key-note of our civilization. Furthermore, each branch of study is considered separately and unrelated, for the most part, to any other branch. Thus the vital, unitary idea behind and at the base of all knowledge, and information even, is not sensed by the little pupil. Indeed the teacher has it not, so how can one expect that true ideas shall be imparted to the child? Once in the school, without previous home training along the lines of Theosophical principles, the child meets the rush of the general race ideas and becomes involved in them. But if home instruction and home *living* have served to impress true concepts upon the young and plastic child mind, they will never be really lost, however covered over at times by the attention given to separative study and the inverted views of life so generally held.

Some educators are already sensing the weakness and futility of present day methods. In the *Literary Digest* of January first is an article headed, "How Not to Teach Science," itself a review of a leading editorial in a recent issue of the journal *Nature* (London). The *Digest* says, "We do not teach geography on the supposition that we are training the pupils for exploration, or history for the purpose of turning out expert historical investigators. And yet our modern instruction in science seems to proceed on the assumption that the learner is to engage in some form of research." Then the writer quotes and comments upon the *Nature* article referred to, which deplores the specializing tendency in scientific study in modern schools, where no general, comprehensive survey of science as a whole is provided. It is really a specialized study of some *branch* of science that is provided for the student, as if each branch were a separate line, and quite unrelated to any other branch, or included in science as a whole. "School-work should not be concerned in training experts in science," says the author of the *Nature* article, "any more than specialists in classics, but with imparting the rudiments of a liberal education to all pupils so as to awaken interest which will continue when school-days are over."

This is all too true. But how will right methods ever be brought about until the unitary nature of life itself is more generally grasped? Should science be studied with some realization of the One Life behind all phenomena of every kind, and in every division so arbitrarily placed by our "wise men," the student himself would be quickened with the answering response of the One Life *within himself*. Real stimulus to interest would be *felt*, and life in general viewed from the basis of the underlying whole. The *task* of study, so generally felt by young students would be minimized to a degree, if education were seen to be in fact an exploration of what is in truth *our own* nature, and not a tedious collocation of unrelated and outside *things*. The basic concepts of Theosophy alone furnish the key to a true understanding of science. Then what is really needed is to impart the rudiments of science, a general view of the field, in the light of Theosophy. No outside stimulus would then be required to interest the young student, and *keep* him interested, for every lesson would be a voyage of *discovery*, and the greatest discovery

in each, the analogy and relation between the seemingly outer facts of inquiry and the corresponding processes and centres within himself.

Likewise is Theosophy the key that will unlock the inner meaning of all truly great literature, in whatever language. Literature and languages are more often than not studied as unrelated; and both *quite* completely unrelated to science. But are they so? Supposing our educators themselves, and thus the students who look to them, could once understand that, for instance—the Odyssey, the Aeneid and the Arthurian legends; that Shakspere's Hamlet, Goethe's Faust and Dante's Inferno—not to mention scores of other works of various ages and in various languages—pictured the *Search for the Soul,* or phases of the Soul's life. Would not the unitary nature of language, literature and philosophy be seen? And would not the *metaphysics* that underlies all physics and all science, and all language (which is vocalized in *sound*) be gradually grasped and felt, covering all educational efforts in every direction and including all in its scope? The Source of all is One, the Cause is One, and all effects of whatever nature must be considered in the light of that One, if they singly are to be understood, if in their relations and inter-relations they are to be comprehended.

Viewed in connection with the above, the recent statements of William H. Faunce, President of Brown University, voiced in a popular newspaper, are illuminating. He writes of the many students who start college work but drop out before being graduated, inquiring into the reasons for the early diminution of the student body of any one year. The principal trouble, according to President Faunce, is that the average boy is not "prepared" for college. "He does not stay in college because he has no staying power, no capacity for attention, no ability to concentrate." He further says, among other things:

> "The trouble with many boys when they enter college is not that they have bad habits, but that they have no habits at all. Not that they are going wrong, but that they are not going anywhere.
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> "They are versatile, attractive and aimless.
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> "They cannot focus their minds for an hour on any object or subject.
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> "They are distracted minds, bundles of scattered energies.
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> "They know a hundred things on the surface, nothing down to the roots.
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> "They have ten times as much information as their father (sic) had at the same age, and yet do not know the meaning of work.
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> "They are dazzled by a constantly changing world."

It is evidently the inability to concentrate that is responsible for the conditions noted. But has President Faunce ever thought that our present educational system is itself the most essential cause of this inability? Picture the school day of a child, or of the boy or girl even up to college age: twenty minutes of this, ten minutes of that, half an hour of the other—no deep consideration of any subject, but a surface smattering only; no relating of one subject to another, each considered separately and quite apart. Is it any wonder that the youth of the land cannot concentrate? The tendency in "education" is always to add more subjects, and this means greater diffuseness. Hence the young minds nimbly hop about all day long from one ephemeral consideration to another. Contrast this method with the steady,

almost painful reiteration of one fact—again and again, and yet again, almost in the same words—in the old Upanishads of ancient India.

"Realization comes from dwelling on the thing to be realized," wrote William Q. Judge, twenty or thirty years ago. The calm, steady, able mind results from exercise on one single object, not from consideration of a multiplicity of objects. The children of Theosophists, then, should be taught at home until the age of eight or nine years is reached. The basic facts of life, and their application to the children *themselves* should be inculcated. Once grasped by the child mind, and they can be so grasped, they will never be entirely lost. Then parents should strive to ensure that their children learn to *know a few things well.* This course presents difficulties in view of present educational inefficiency; but we have to work just now with things as they are. Next incarnation? Well, we shall see!

The February *"Messenger"* answers the question: "What is the easiest way to get rid of an evil thought-form?"

This is the answer: "One of the easiest is to get inside it yourself and then expand suddenly. Another method is by directing a stream upon it; you can then break it up by sections. This plan is not so satisfactory, however. One part keeps on forming while you turn your attention to another—something like Briareus.

"The most satisfactory way is to get inside it yourself and suddenly expand."

Signed by the initials of one who is advertised on the back cover of said periodical as "Our Great Occult Teacher"!

Is it possible that any sane mind can consider the above seriously? One who thinks he understands it should consult an alienist. Could rank materialism go to more absurd lengths?

We note that "thought-form" is not a term used by H. P. B. nor by W. Q. J. Once invented, however, it appears to have a deadly fascination for the unwary.

We are glad to call the reader's attention to the subject discussed in Master's letter (p. 131, *The Occult World*)—"every thought of man upon being evolved passes into the inner world, and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. It survives as an active intelligence—a creature of the mind's begetting—for a longer or shorter period proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus, a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a maleficent demon. And so man is continually peopling his current in space with a world of his own, crowded with the offsprings of his fancies, desires, impulses, and passions; a current which re-acts upon any sensitive or nervous organization which comes in contact with it, in proportion to its dynamic intensity."

Why waste energy in trying to destroy evil "thought-forms"? They will run their own course and find their own affinities. Let us put that energy to constructing helpful thoughts. Is it not perfectly patent that a firm desire to help humanity is the best protection one can have against any evil force? Good thoughts—those are a disciple's shield and buckler!

Very simple and clear an answer, isn't it? Not "occult" at all! But Oh, how much better it is to know nothing than to know so many things "that ain't so"!